

*Ruth E. Baldry.*

# **Box Fluminis**



**1931**



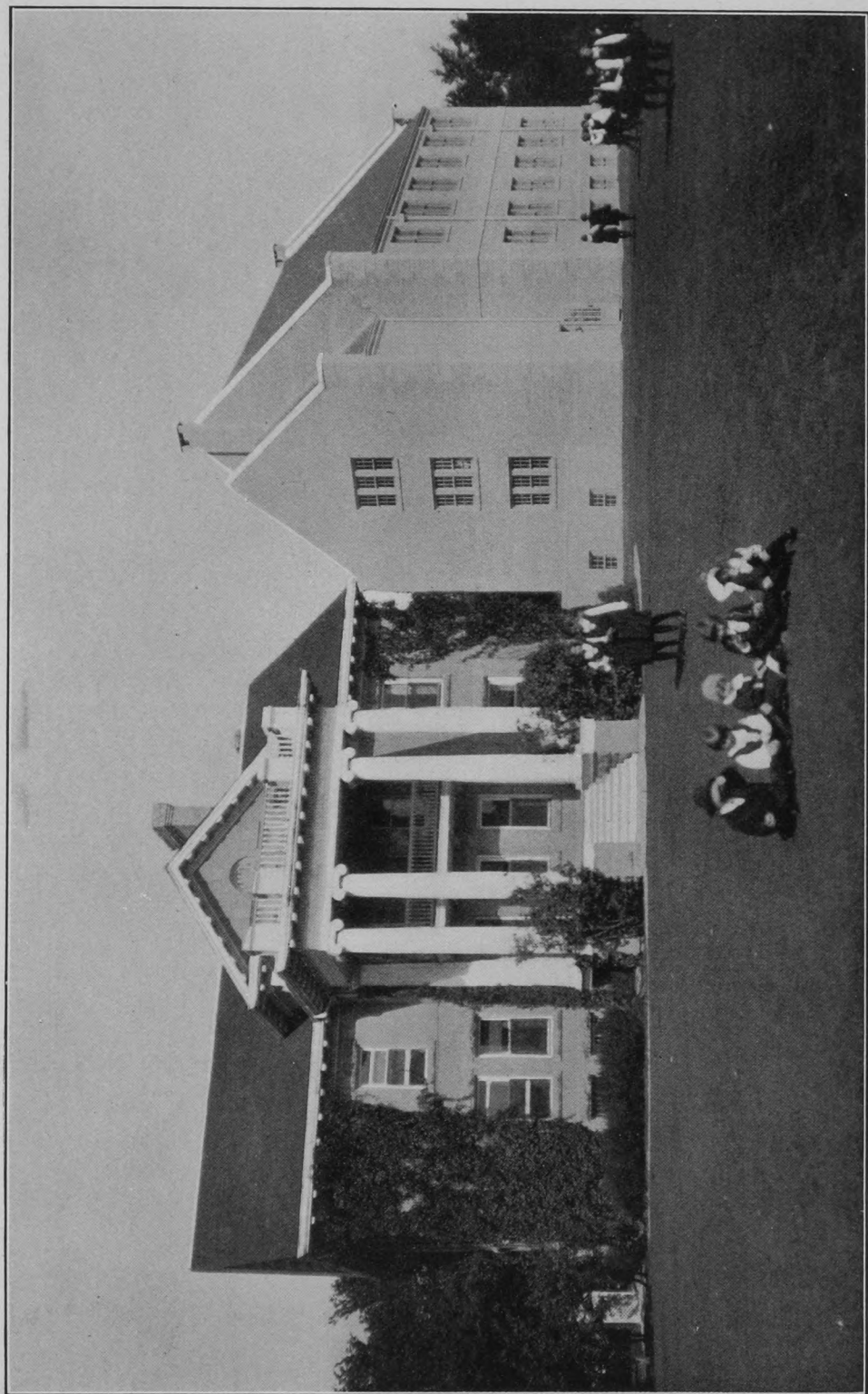
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# VOX FLUMINIS

RIVERBEND  
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
WINNIPEG





My Dear Girls:

I am writing to you looking out over the river which gives its name both to the school and to our magazine, and, of course, as always, I think how short a time it is since I last wrote to you and how little things have changed. And then I turn my head and see our tall new building, which was only a dream this time last year, and I realize that a great deal has changed and that we have really had a closely packed twelve months.

This new building, which we have not yet named, has been certainly the greatest thing which has happened during the year. How miraculous seemed its growth and how much it has meant to us! We certainly owe a very deep debt of gratitude to our Board of Governors and particularly to the energy and generosity of our chairman without which it would not have been possible. That is another change. During the year we have become incorporated by provincial charter and I may no longer speak of "trustees" for they have become "governors."

To return to the story of our building; and a short story it is. When I left in June it was only a large hole in the ground. When I came back in August I saw a green roof showing above the trees and wondered as I drove up from the station what it was. As I frightened the workmen by climbing up the ladders to watch its progress, however, I never dreamed that we should really move in when school opened in the second week in September. Yet the first day of school we had prayers in our new assembly hall and used our new classrooms. How lovely these classrooms looking over our river have been, only those who use them every day can know; and the gymnasium can really only be appreciated by those who trudged in the wet last year. How proud I was of it and of you at our concerts and at the Rupert's Land basketball matches!

One sad change has taken place. The death of Lady Aikins, widow of our founder, has grieved us all. But let us be glad that we have the memory of her gracious presence at our first school closing, when she presented our prizes in June.

I spoke at first of our new building, but those of you who have taken history with me will, I hope, remember the story of the Oxford don, who, when asked by a tourist to show her the University, replied: "Madam, I am the University." The mediæval tradition was right in this—that no institution can be greater than the people who compose it. Thus Oxford is great, not chiefly because of her beautiful buildings, but because of her great men—and now may we add women? In your hands, therefore, the spirit, the real and most important part of the school rests, and to you with all confidence I give its keeping.

Yours affectionately,

JOAN M. V. FOSTER,  
Principal.

**ENVOI**

For a second time Vox Fluminis appears at Riverbend. This year again, though the number of its pages has grown a little, the editing committee still consider the magazine in its infancy ; they are grateful to those who have lent a helping hand to encourage the first steps. That the volume of its utterances is growing, they take as the sign of a happy and promising youth.





STAFF, 1930-1931

Top Row, left to right—Miss Vaux, Miss Lee, Miss Gregory, Miss McKibbon,  
Miss Fairbairn, Miss Macneill, Miss Matheson, Miss Anson.

Second Row, left to right—Miss Mackereth, Miss Cull, Miss Foster,  
Miss Amies, Mrs. Dempsey.

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### POEMS

There was a little pussy  
Who sat on a tree,  
When a little birdie came,  
The birdie said "twee twee."  
There was a little doggie,  
Who was playing on the ground  
And every time he saw a worm  
He made a nice bow.  
There was a little birdie,  
Who was trying to catch a bug,  
He sat upon the window sill  
And caught his little bug.

Moon, moon, you are a balloon,  
Why do you go away so soon?  
You play hide and go seek  
Then come out and say "peek."

There was a little bunny,  
Who always hopped so funny.  
His little nose had the wiggles  
And he gave me the giggles.

There was a boy  
Playing with a toy,  
The toy was a block  
That sat near the clock.

Little Jackie Nimble  
Sat upon a thimble,  
There he ate his pie  
And thought himself so high.

The snow is falling to-day,  
I want to go out to play  
To make a snow man gay.

—Kindergarten.

**THE NASTURTIIUM PLANT**

Here it blazes a glowing fire,  
 There it blooms soft rose,  
 Now trailing from baskets of wire,  
 Now by the garden path it grows.  
 Climbing around the trunk of a tree,  
 The cheery nasturtium you sometimes see.  
 Where in and out among the rocks,  
 The shy flower it seemingly mocks,  
 Brilliant buds among the green,  
 Are almost always to be seen.

—Margaret Aldous, Grade VII.

**THE SHEPHERDESS**

The shepherdess is with her sheep,  
 The wind is winding 'bout her knees.  
 Way down in the valley deep,  
 She hears the faint sound of honey bees;  
 It sails across from hill to hill  
 And gives a sound as of gentle humming.

The shepherdess is gaily dressed,  
 Walking 'round and 'round her sheep;  
 She thinks of the days that have gone by,  
 And looks up at the hills so steep.

—Phyllis Deaver, Grade VIII.

**LE TEMPS**

Il pleut, il pleut, et il pleut !  
 Essaie d'être sec si tu peux.

C'est effroyable  
 Et tout incroyable—  
 J'en suis tout à fait furieux !

—Elsa Lehmann, Grade XI.

**MY GARDEN**

One day I thought of planting a garden, so I asked mother if I might. She said "Yes." I got the garden fork and started to dig the soil up. When the soil was arranged to plant the garden, I got some tulip seed and pansy seed, and sweet pea and rose seeds. First I got some string and sticks and planted the seeds in straight rows.

One day in early summer, I went to visit my garden after breakfast. I had been going there every morning. I saw some little green shoots popping up. They were the tulips coming out. I was delighted. Then one by one the flowers came out. I had a beautiful garden all through the summer. Why don't you plant a garden? —Jocelyn Mander, Grade IV.



### UNE EXPEDITION EN VILLE

Je vais au magasin faire des emplettes. J'ai besoin de tasses, de fourchettes, de verres et aussi j'ai besoin d'une, nappe aussi du café et des petits pains.

Vous dites- —Pourquoi?

—Parce que j'ai le plaisir de donner un thé aujourd'hui.

J'arrive au magasin. Je demande des tasses, des fourchettes, des verres, etcetera. La vendeuse me donne des tasses, des fourchettes, etcetera. Elle demande mon argent.

—Où est mon argent? Je ne le trouve pas.

La vendeuse retourne les tasses, les fourchettes, etcetera, aux planches.

—Oh! Mon Dieu! Quel malheur. Je ne trouve pas mon argent. Oh! Voici mon argent, il est dans ma poche.

La vendeuse me retourne les articles. Elle demande six francs.

J'ai cinq francs.

Il n'y a pas de thé.

—Connie Ramsay, Grade VIII.

### DOGS

There are many kinds of dogs, large and small. The small ones are called "poodles" and are sometimes led about with a string around their necks, for fear of being run over or hurt. I don't think they are as affectionate or obedient as big dogs.

Big dogs come when you call, and "go home" when you tell them. When they have been naughty, and you call them, they slink up, with their tails between their legs and a guilty look on their faces. You scold and then tell them to go home; they jump up and shake, as if to throw the lecture to the winds, and come up, wagging their tails and try to be patted and petted. You say, "All right, but don't do it again," and they bark as if to answer, "No, I won't."

—Katherine Hall, Grade VII.

### PUSSY WILLOWS

Tiny tufts of soft-hued grey  
Show upon the trees to-day;  
Dainty harbingers of spring,  
What sort of tidings do you bring?

Be they glad or be they gay?  
Will they chase dull care away?  
If you're not supposed to tell  
Be sure you keep your secrets well—  
Pussies with the quiet beauty,  
Steady poise and sense of duty.

—Isabel Scott, Grade X.

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### A THUNDERSTORM

Fast and furious through the night,  
The rain beat on the window pane,  
The thunder crashed with all its might  
Like the notes of the drum to the rain's refrain.

And ever again as the storm went on,  
The lightning flashed through the darkness deep,  
Giving a thrill to the raindrop's song  
And waking those who were still asleep.

—Betty Ray Parton, Grade IX.

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### ON MEETING RELATIVES

Last summer we visited Vancouver, where I have a wealth of relatives. My seven great aunts and uncles, with their wives and husbands, daughters and sons, granddaughters and grandsons collectively could produce a host of cousins, half cousins, double cousins, second cousins and forty-second cousins that many cannot equal.

At first I went visiting unsuspectingly, then I grew wiser! I began to believe half Vancouver was my kinsmen. I met them everywhere, all sizes and shapes, all ages. They talked of relations, now gone, that I had never heard of. They talked of relations in other places that I had never heard of. I became more entangled in the lines of relatives.

Every time I went out, everytime I came in, there began a cross-questioning of my mother as to what relation they were. Mother began to be caught in the lines that bound me so tightly.

At luncheons, teas and dinners I met them. Our relationships became more complicated, harder to explain—to understand.

We called on people. They said, "You must see 'so and so,' he was your mother's—" or "You must see 'such and such a person,' she was your father's—" or "Such and such a couple were cousins," or "No, I'm not Mr. So and So's sister, I'm his wife's sister. They had the same name, you know." No, I didn't know, but never mind—and so it went on, is going on and will go on unceasingly through the ages.

We went to Victoria but the complications of relatives had preceded us. We went on a boat trip along the coast. We met a woman only to find her mother was one of the aunt's best friends and that this woman's cousin had built our own home. We met another girl, only to find she had just been visiting friends of ours. These friends have the same name and often people link us together as relatives. Thank heaven the relationship was not found, or I should have been strangled indeed, and who could wonder that when home-bound I turned from the porter and asked, "What relation is he?"

—Muriel Scott, Grade XI.



**MR. ROBIN AND MR. SQUIRREL**

"My, such a beautiful day," said Mr. Squirrel as he jumped out of bed one morning.

"What date of what month is this, my dear?" he asked his wife.

"April 10th," answered his wife.

"Well, I'm going out and nobody will stop me."

"No, Jim, don't do any such thing so early. You are liable to catch a chill."

"Pooh!" said Jim, "I'm going over to see if Mr. Robin Redbreast is home from his holiday down south."

So when he'd eaten his breakfast of chestnuts, he started out.

Mr. Redbreast used to live in the Seventh Oak, Assiniboine Avenue, last summer, so Mr. Jim Squirrel made for there.

As he was going along he saw Mr. Bushy Tail chasing a poor bird which couldn't fly. So after a fight with him (Mr. Bushy Tail getting the worst of it) he continued.

When he came to the Seventh Oak he knocked and Mr. Redbreast came shivering to the door.

"Hello, Robin old chap, come on out for a walk."

"B-B-ah!" said Robin, "I'm nearly frozen."

"My goodness, it's as hot as summer out here. Come on, it must just be cold in that old house of yours."

So finally, after a lot of persuasion, Robin Redbreast came out.

"Oh, my!" he chirped, "this is grand. I must call and let my other relatives and friends know it is spring."

So he called and called, and people listened with joy at the return of their springtime bird, the robin. Some threw nice crumbs out which Robin ate greedily.

"Aren't you glad you came out?" asked Jim Squirrel as they were returning after a lovely long romp.

"Indeed I am," said Robin. "And now I'm off to find a mate. Good-bye, old chap, and thanks for getting me to come out."

"Goodbye, Robin, have a good summer and come and visit us soon."

And off they went to their homes very happily (and neither one caught a chill).

—Betty Mackay, Grade VII.

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**CHEZ LA MODISTE**

(Entre une grosse femme avec un très grand sac à la main. Une vendeuse attend au comptoir.)

La V.—"Bonjour, madame. Que voulez vous?"

La G.F.—"Je veux acheter un chapeau."

La V.—"Bien, madame. Ceci est un joli chapeau."

La G.F.—"Ah, oui! Donnez-le-moi, j'en veux l'essayer. Ah bon! C'est très joli. Quel prix?"

La V.—“400 francs.”

La G.F.—“400 francs! Je n'achèterai pas ce chapeau là! Il est trop cher. C'est terrible.”

La V.—“Trop cher! Il vaut bien 400 francs.”

La G.F.—“Oui, mais tout de même! Voilà un beau chapeau—Oui, sur le comptoir. Donnez-le-moi, j'en veux l'essayer. Les fleurs sont belles.

La V.—“Eh bien, madame, c'est juste votre pointure.”

La G.F.—“Merci (elle l'essaie). Oh oui! (se regardant dans le miroir). Oh là là! Quel chapeau! Regardez le derrière. Non, merci, je n'aime pas ce chapeau. Oh, regardez ce chapeau sur la table! Quel beau chapeau! Je le prendrai.

La V.—“Mais, madame —”

La G.F.—“Oh, c'est joli; très joli; et juste ma pointure. Quel beau chapeau!”

La V.—“Mais, madame, le chapeau est —”

La G.F.—“Oui, je sais, le chapeau est beau. Dites-moi le prix, s'il vous plaît.”

La V.—“Mais, madame, le chapeau est vendu”

La G.F.—(Le chapeau tombe). “Vendu! Eh bien, j'en n'achèterai pas de chapeau aujourd'hui, merci!”

La porte se ferme.

—Betty Ray Parton, Grade IX.

### THE VALLEY

Beyond the deep, dark forest,  
Beyond the old, old mill,  
A lonely valley lies at rest,  
And the boisterous winds are still.

The sound of laughter forgotten  
For many a year and a day,  
The winding paths once trodden  
By feet which have travelled away.

Lost to the world is this beauty,  
Which once was enjoyed by mankind;  
Left undisturbed is this valley,  
For some friendless traveller to find.

—Dorothy Young, Grade X.

### LE PRINTEMPS

Le printemps est ici! Le mois de mars est parti avec ses souffles froids et sa neige. Les giboulées de mars ont produit les fleurs sur la terre et maintenant ils sont en fleur, portant des robes de bleu, rouge, jaune et mauve. L'herbe est très verte. Les feuilles dans les arbres sont vertes



aussi. De petits oiseaux chantent dans les arbres. Ils bâtissent leurs nids avec des morceaux de corde et des branchettes. Bientôt il y aura des oeufs dans les nids et puis des oiseaux bébés.

Maintenant les fermiers plantent du blé. Les vaches broûtent dans les pâtures pendant que les petits veaux badinent autour d'eux. Les enfants des fermiers pêchent dans les courants ou nagent dans les criques.

Tout le monde est heureux parce que le printemps est ici.

—Sally Coyne, Grade X.

### TO GIRLS DANCING IN THE ROOM ABOVE

Music coming faintly, faintly,  
Brings visions of dancing,  
Daintily, daintily.  
But bang! it's spoiled, for  
Thumping, thumping—  
Girls like elephants,  
Jumping, jumping.

—Peggy Carlisle, Grade IX.

### MON PLUS GRAND PLAISIR

J'aime me lever le matin d'un beau jour en été, et après avoir mis une robe légère, jouer au tennis. Après avoir mangé mon petit déjeuner, j'aime faire une promenade en bateau avec mon petit chien. Puis j'aime me reposer au soleil, en peignoir, avec mon petit chien à coté de moi, sans souci, et aller nager avec mes amis quand nous aurons très chaud.

Quand le soleil s'est couché à l'ouest, et que la lune brille sur l'eau, j'aime prendre un canot, et pagayer dans l'obscurité avec mes amis. Quand la nuit est tombée, nous nous couchons, et nous jouissons d'un sommeil parfait, après une journée parfaite.

—Betty Crawford, Grade XI.

### PIRACY

She set her sails joyfully to the deep—"The Skull"—that wrecker of prosperity among ships, and resumed her way over the high seas. The brilliant tropical sun, dancing along the ripples of the widespread blue, was not in keeping with the scene of tragedy behind.

"The Godspeed" was bound for Capetown, well manned and heavily laden with chests of gold, from the English king to his African colonies. It was cruising along the north-west coast of Africa when a sudden squall tore off a goodly amount of rigging. Not wishing to hazard the chances of continuing the course with an ill-repaired ship the captain ordered a landing to be made in a near-by deserted harbor.

All hands were busy fitting the ship to resume her journey, when suddenly on the horizon the bare black frame of the dreaded ship "The Skull" was seen. The men shivered. It was useless to prepare for its

coming—their only chance lay in getting out before “The Skull” overtook them. Feverishly they went at their work as demons—when the hands are busy, the mind rests easier if confronted by peril. “The Skull” drew nearer—the sun was shining again—and the black apparition approached in awful contrast to the brilliancy of the surroundings. The captain paced the deck.

On crept “The Skull,” even now the leering faces of an avaricious crew could be seen. Would they be content with gold alone? This crew was famed for slaking its thirst in blood as well as in gold.

“The Skull” drew away now. Behind lay a sizzling, smouldering wreck and the anguished cries of drowning men in torment. Before lay the bright sea where the playful dolphins gambolled.

—Weneen MacDonald, Grade XII.

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### THE VISIT TO THE QUEEN

Puss in Boots was on his way to tell the Fairy Queen his great sorrow, that he had lost his boots. He went there to ask the Queen to help him when he met little Bo-Peep crying. “What is the matter?” asked Puss.

“I have lost all my sheep,” said Bo-Peep. “Then come with me, as I am to visit the Fairy Queen.”

“What are you going there for?” asked Bo-Peep. “Because I have lost my boots.” So they both went to the Fairy Queen.

They hadn’t gone much farther before they met Little Red Riding Hood running towards them crying.

“What are you crying for?” asked Puss. “The wolf has eaten my grandmother.” “Then come with us,” said Bo-Peep.

When the three went to the Queen, she asked them what they wished. “I lost my boots,” said Puss in Boots. “I lost my sheep,” said Bo-Peep. “And the wolf has eaten my grandmother,” said Red Riding Hood.

“I will send my guards to look for your boots, my shepherd to find the sheep, and my hunter to kill the wolf.”

An hour later the men came back with the lost boots and sheep, and the hunter had killed the wolf.

The three happy children then went to the nursery.

—Marian McCurdy, Grade VII.

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### SPRING

After the biting frost and snow  
Slowly melts and decides to go,  
After the cold March wind blows past,  
Then it is spring, at last, at last.

The poor old trees which looked so bare,  
Now have a dress which they can wear.  
In amongst their foliage green,  
Little birds are sometimes seen.

The little birds are full of glee,  
And flutter and twitter merrily.  
The buds are seen on the lilac trees,  
While the earlier flowers wave in the breeze.

Once more the happy brook ripples along,  
Singing its own little sweet, spring song,  
Little lambs scamper over the green,  
And happiness everywhere is seen.

All of nature loves the Spring,  
Who brings them almost everything,  
The gentle breeze, the rain, the sun,  
It showers its gifts on everyone.

—Monica Cave, Grade VII.

### SKATING

Don't you just love to go skating on a frosty winter day,  
When the snow is all a dazzle with the sun,  
When the rink is such a maze of colors bright and gay,  
And every single person full of fun?

Here a girl does figures, tracing eights and threes,  
There, three boys are trying fancy jumps,  
Now a youngster falls and bruises both his knees,  
Fancy skating causes many bumps.

Whirling, jumping, gliding, round and round they go,  
Balanced on their keen-edged blades of steel,  
All the time they are laughing and chatting with faces aglow.  
Don't you think that skating is more fairy-like than real?

—Alison C. Warner, Grade VIII.

### SI J'ETAIS RICHE

Si j'étais riche j'irais en Europe et en Asie pour voir les gens étrangères et leurs pays. Je voudrais parcourir leurs chemins et habiter leurs villes. J'aimerais beaucoup parler avec des jeunes filles et des garçons d'autres pays. Qu'est-ce qu'ils font? Vont-ils à l'école? Qu'étudient-ils? Quels sont leurs plaisirs? Je suis très curieuse. Je sais qu'en France, en Italie et en Allemagne ils sont presque comme nous. Mais les enfants de la Chine et du Japon, je crois qu'ils sont très intéressants et si j'étais riche, je leur ferais une visite et peut-être que je pourrai partager leurs chagrins et leurs plaisirs.

—Jane Nicholls, Grade XI.





GRADE XI.

### THE OLD STREET

In the heart of the city,  
The old street stands;  
Its grey dry bricks  
Made of ancient sands.

Its soft still face  
Has a wise old look;  
It shelters small creatures  
In many a small nook.

I walked down this street,  
Not hearing the sound,  
Of a modern day's life  
In the world, all around.

But I lived in the splendour  
Of the days gone past,  
Which the old street experienced  
And had shown me, at last.

—Mary Bull, Grade X.

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### REVERIE

This world of ours is a wonderful place,  
But to each one it has a different taste;  
To those who are happy it shows a bright face,  
But to those who are gloomy its beauty is waste.

To some of life's children, e'en the stars are a boon,  
But to others they're merely a roof overhead;  
While for some the morning can't come too soon,  
And they're up with the dawn of golden red.

In each one's heart doth beauty dwell,  
Although expressed in a different way,  
And there's never a story the long days tell  
That finds not its echo far away.

—Ruth McFarlane, Grade X.

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### GRANDMA'S

I love to visit Grandma's  
And explore the old, old land  
Surrounding the aged farmhouse,  
Now turned to the color of sand.

Up in the dusty attic,  
Reached by the creaking stairs,  
I examine the ancient bedsteads,  
And also the quaint old chairs.

As I search the attic over,  
I wonder at old-fashioned ways,  
And I picture Grandma and Grandpa,  
Living in olden days.

—Mary Mackenzie, Grade VIII.

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### **“JUST IMAGINE”**

“Come on,” says the kewpie, “the mistress is out,  
We’ll have a fine time just running about;  
Come, Mr. Clown, come play with me  
Before the mistress returns from her tea.”

The Tennis Twins decide to dance,  
But the wooden horse can only prance,  
Mr. Clown takes kewpie for a walk  
While the rest of the dolls just chatter and talk.

Little Boy Blue is here with his horn,  
Miss Muffet has her dress all torn!  
She got caught on a brambly bough  
And was covered with scratches; oh, she’s all right now.

—Eleanor Tucker, Grade VIII.

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### **RIVERBEND GIRLS**

O Riverbend girls have lots of fun,  
And e’en at lunch they get a bun;  
Five periods a morn  
The girls do not scorn  
Because recess comes between,  
When they are jolliest you’ve ever seen.

At recess come biscuits and milk,  
When girls change to dresses of silk;  
For dancing they love,  
On the floor just above;  
Heads must be straight, toes pointed down—  
Commands our lady in the gown.

In winter and in summer both,  
We play after noon, all nothing loth,  
To study we go  
Where time flies, and lo—  
At five rings loudly the bell  
And we run homeward pell-mell.

—Isabel Scott, Grade X.



### FADING SNOW

Snow has fallen all the day  
As we trod our merry way,  
Now fluttering gently downward,  
Always earthward, never skyward.

Tiny flakes of most perfect form,  
Always your late beauty we mourn,  
Daintiest specks of star shaped white  
Set off against the black of night.

Purest of white when you first fall,  
Summoned by winter's trumpet call,  
But darker you grow as cold days pass—  
Now you belong to spring, alas.

—Isobel Scott, Grade X.

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### OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE IRONSIDES

We all know that Oliver Cromwell,  
Took poor old England by storm,  
And with the help of his Roundheads  
Left Charles alone and forlorn.

He won at the battle of Marston,  
Till the cavaliers were so ashamed  
That they fled with their leader Prince Rupert,  
And never did come forth again.

So he and the Ironsides tried ruling,  
And they liked it so mightily much,  
That they kept on and on for eleven long years—  
“Jolly England” in Cromwell's “iron” clutch.

Then one day the people discovered,  
That they could make merry once more,  
For Cromwell had ended his struggle  
As one of the heroes of yore.

—Helen L. Richardson.

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### HOLIDAYING ON A FARM

How different life is when we go to the farm,  
Watering the cattle, hunting eggs in the barn,  
Yearning to play when there's lots to do,  
Getting up with the sun, going to bed with it too,

Chasing cows till we are tired, climbing trees galore,  
Getting into many scrapes, but always finding more.  
Getting into trouble when poking large bee-hives  
And riding on the hay-wagons when harvest time arrives.

The summer passes quickly, too soon  
Does autumn come,  
The trees all shed their pretty leaves,  
Which crackle when you run.  
The city clothes are donned once more,  
For we must take the train,  
And go back home where school awaits  
To welcome us again.

—Alison Warner, Grade VIII.

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### TROUBLES

One night when I went out to tea,  
Before I went they said to me—  
“When you come home don’t make a noise,  
And shout like a lot of silly boys,  
’Cause a visitor’s coming in to tea,  
He’s coming someone for to see.”  
When I got home from being to tea,  
I’d plum forgot what they’d said to me,  
I bumped into the parlor door  
And hit my head, O! gee it’s sore—  
I’m still in bed ’cause I’m black and blue,  
It shows I’ve had a bump or two;  
And O! I do feel horribly sad,  
’Cause I have been so dreadfully bad.

—Patty Collard, Grade VIII.

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### MY LITTLE DOG

Have you seen a little dog  
Who has a big black spot?  
I lost him just an hour ago,  
I can’t think where he’s got.  
He can’t go home all by himself,  
He doesn’t know the way,  
He’s taught to follow, not to lead,  
He’ll feel quite lonely far away.  
I guess I’d better just go home,  
Perhaps he’s found the way.  
He’s never been away from me,  
He’s never run away.

O naughty doggie, there you are,  
Wherever did you go?  
I'm awful glad to see you, though  
You were a naughty dog.

—Helen Leonard, Grade IX.

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When my lessons are done for the day,  
There's a place I love to play,  
Down below on the riverbank paths  
To see the water-bugs having their baths.

—Iris Norman, Grade IV.

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### **TREASURES**

Treasures on the islands,  
Treasures on the sand,  
Treasures on the pirate's boat  
That never float to land.

—Frances Foster, Grade IV.

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### **PUSSY WILLOW**

Pussy Willow, soft and fair,  
Always soft and fluffy hair,  
Growing down beside the brook,  
Running over curve and crook.

—Barbara Dailley, Grade IV.

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### **THE OLD GRANDFATHER CLOCK**

The old, old grandfather clock  
Is always saying "tick, tock, tick, tock."  
Standing in the corner all day long,  
Singing to us his one old song  
"Tick, tock." "Tick, tock,"  
The funny old grandfather clock.

—Julia Dale, Grade IV.

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### **THE COMING OF SPRING**

When up in the heaven climbs the sun,  
We jump and play, having lots of fun.

The grass turns green, the roses red,  
The scent of springtime goes to our head.

We laugh and play, have plenty of fun,  
And then come in for many a bun.



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We play with the others on the street,  
Bobbing and hiding for hide-and-go-seek.

Then for supper and for night-time rest,  
Chirping like many birds in a nest.

—Elinor Browne, Grade VIII.

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### WHAT THE MINSTREL TOLD THE KING

Last night as I was passing by -  
A castle made of stones,  
I came upon a fair young maid,  
Locked up with dust and bones.

I pried into the matter,  
To see what I could see,  
And lo! she was a-weeping  
Upon her pretty knees.

She said she could not move from there,  
And when I asked her why,  
She shuddered and only told me,  
She did not dare reply.

And so I come to you my Lord,  
To see what you will do.  
I know it puzzles me my Lord,  
I'm sure it puzzles you.

—Elspeth Wilson, Grade VIII.

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### MY VISIT TO IRELAND

When we arrived in Ireland we were very glad to get off the train, Grandfather and Grandmother were there to meet us. We went to the house in a horse and buggy. When we were there we went to the iron springs where water cress grows.

One day we decided to go on a fox hunt; we had lots of fun. One day to our surprise there was a little kitten, it was so fluffy we decided to call it Fluffy. Our aunt has a lot of cats and dogs. We had such a nice time we were very sorry to go.

—Sheila McFayden, Grade IV.

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### SNOW

Descending from Heaven so lightly and silently,  
Or scattered by north winds blowing so violently,  
They fall in all manner of shapes and sizes  
Over rolling white plains and mountainous rises.

While people are skating on rivers and creeks,  
White crystals are softly caressing their cheeks,  
The children regard the white world with awe  
And hope that for ages there won't be a thaw.

But soon spring will come and the warmth of the sun  
Will start the buds shooting and rivers will run.  
The skates and toboggans will all disappear,  
To remain in the attic till sometime next year.

—Alison Warner, Grade VIII.

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### **FIREFLIES**

Said one firefly to another,  
As they twinkled in the gloom,  
“Don't you think my light is brighter,  
Than the dull, pale, yellow moon?”

“No I don't,” said its brother,  
Who was also rather proud,  
“It's no brighter than the moon,  
When it's hidden by a cloud.”

“Oh, you're jealous,” said the other,  
Who was a lady bug.  
“And I can't bear jealous fireflies,”  
Said she, turning with a shrug.

But sad to relate, even fireflies'  
Pride must some day fall,  
And half-way home her light went out—  
And she couldn't see at all.

—Ruth McFarlane, Grade X.

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### **MOTHER GOOSE'S PARTY**

Mother Goose is giving a party on Tuesday. Everybody in Storyland is invited—Little Red Riding Hood, the Wolf, the Three Bears, Old Mother Hubbard and countless others.

Everybody is getting ready. Little Jack Horner is making his Christmas Pie, Old King Cole is calling for his pipers and Red Riding Hood's grandma is laying out nightcaps, while dear Mother Goose is tying a pink ribbon on her fine gander.

As Mother Goose's house is not big enough for the party, the kind old woman is lending Mother Goose her shoe.

Finally Tuesday arrives. In the early morning the guests begin to come.

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The first thing they do is to go up to Mother Goose and she says, "Welcome to my house and party." And then away to the garden. It is a big one around the house.

They played every game imaginable. Then they went into the house and there were tables in every room with all kinds of chairs. One apiece. They had a big dinner, with ice cream for dessert. After dinner they rested or talked quietly among themselves.

As soon as the time came to go home they stood in a long line and one at a time said, "Good-bye," to everyone else in the line. Then they raised their voices together and said "We had a very nice time Mother Goose."

—Katherine Hall, Grade VII.

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### LA PETITE FILLE

Il y a un château,  
Près de la maison,  
Et, dans la petite maison,  
Il y a un petit gâteau.

Une petite fille du château  
Passe près de la maison,  
Et elle voit le gâteau,  
Par la fenêtre ouverte.

Oh! j'aimerais du gâteau,  
Elle va prendre un morceau,  
Quand une femme est sortie,  
Qui voit la petite fille.

—Va-t'en s'écrie la femme,  
—Tu es une criminelle  
La petite fille se sauve  
Mais elle prend le gâteau avec elle.

—Betty Rose Eager, Grade VIII.

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### THE STORM

The air seemed forboding, the seagulls did cry,  
While the clouds gathered o'er us and darkened the sky.  
The wind moaned and whistled through forests of trees,  
The waters around were disturbed by the breeze.

Each bird felt uneasy and flew to his nest,  
While a mist was approaching from out of the West;  
It came rapidly nearer, the sky darker grew,  
The storm was upon us! Oh, how the wind blew!



Great oaks and pine trees crashed to the ground,  
Waves lashing the rocks seemed to echo the sound!  
With the force of the rain the earth trembled with fear,  
The roar of the thunder was awful to hear.

The storm soon abated, the dark clouds rolled by,  
The sun struggled forth and brightened the sky,  
The birds sang again, and all heaven was gay,  
But the havoc below lasted many a day.

—Alison Warner, Grade VIII.

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### AUTUMN

The autumn leaves were falling,  
And the harvest just begun,  
As the reapers hurried homeward,  
At the setting of the sun.

As housewives scurried round the hearth,  
And milking time was o'er,  
The lads and lasses rushing in  
Cried, "Summer is no more."

—Patty Collard, Grade VIII.

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"SUR LE PONT"

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**CHEZ MA GRAND'MERE**

Ma grand'mère est une petite femme, très vieille. Elle a les cheveux gris, et les joues couleur de roses. Elle habite dans un appartement 38 Rue Monceau. C'est un gentil appartement de cinq pièces. Ma grand'mère a une bonne qui fait des bonbons délicieux. Ordinairement ma grand'mère porte une robe noire, mais quelquefois elle porte une robe mauve. Tous les samedis matins je lui fais visite. Elle me donne beaucoup de gâteaux et de bonbons. Un jour elle m'a appris à faire la cuisine; quelquefois nous tricotons, ou bien nous cousons, mais quelquefois, comme régal, nous faisons une petite promenade en automobile. Puis nous prenons le déjeuner dans sa petite salle à manger. L'après-midi nous nous promenons dans le parc et nous donnons des cacahuètes aux ours. Il fait noir quand je retourne à la maison, très heureuse.

—Frances Aikins, Grade IX.

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**THE RIVER**

Gentle river, rolling on,  
Never tiring of your song,  
Telling of your travels long,  
Gentle river, rolling on.

In the Spring, a torrent strong,  
Roaring, raging, you wildly flow,  
Angry as you onward go  
In the Spring, a torrent strong.

Resting in the Summer's warmth,  
Long in the sunshine have you lain,  
Swollen with the Spring-time rain,  
Resting in the Summer's warmth.

In the Fall when spirits rise,  
And your travels you resume,  
You are then a treacherous tomb,  
In the Fall when spirits rise.

While the Winter blasts are here,  
You gurgle under ice and snow,  
Laughing sweetly as you go,  
While the Winter blasts are here.

—Mary Mackenzie, Grade VIII.

**ON THOSE LENGTHENING LOCKS**

When I consider how my hair has grown,  
Ere half my days in this great school are spent,  
And think of bobby pins borrowed and lent,  
Then the stray wisps and ends which I bemoan,  
Are lodged with me useless. The exultant tone  
Of new-shorn classmates doth cruelly chide  
Me and my bun. "Can its worth be deny'd?"  
I fondly ask. But patience to prevent  
That answer soon replies—"You've nearly won."  
Others still are struggling on the way.  
In spite of all the folk who laugh, your state  
So queenly. Thousands wish they had a bun  
And envy that great knot you now display."  
—I wonder how much longer I will wait?  
(With apologies to John Milton).

—Jane Nicholls, Grade XI.

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**WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE A WILD GOOSE**

I wonder what it would be like to be a wild goose. To fly swiftly through the air, the flock a faint V on the horizon. How would it feel to go to sleep on some small prairie lake, to feed in the stubble fields. I wonder what it would be like to fly hundreds of miles northward in that long wavering line, honking sociably to each other, now joining in with other flocks, now flying alone; sometimes flying low over some farm while the farmer and his family watch you pass, the heralds of spring; perhaps flying over a great city, looking down from the clouds on the countless roof-tops.

Flying ever northward to the nesting grounds on the shores of the Great Northern Bay.

—Margaret Aldous, Grade VII.

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**THE STUCK UP TRUNK**

For years the attic had been very happy for all the trunks and suitcases had been happy. One day a brown trunk with a lot of stickers on, like Rome, Italy and England, was put in with them. It brought trouble to everybody.

"Would you like me to tell you about my adventure?" he asked.

They all said that they would. At last, after a week, the big black trunk got so mad he said, "You're a stuck up thing."

"Pardon?" asked the brown trunk.

"You're a *stuck up thing*," answered the black trunk.

Then the door opened and two girls came in.

"My! Have you been to all these places?" asked Betty.

"No," said Helen, "I only stick them on for fun; Daddy goes to all these places and I take them off his trunk."

The brown trunk fell backwards and lay there pale. When the two girls had gone out he said, "I only had some fun, I didn't mean to be stuck up but I thought I would have some fun."

"That's good, for we would have been mad at you forever."

—Margaret Powell, Grade VI.

### SEALED ORDERS

Lynn Jordan was penniless. Two years before, her father, knowing that he was dying, invested his money in reliable stocks so that Lynn would never want for comforts. But now, those "reliable stocks" were worthless, and Lynn was penniless. She knew she would have to look for a position, but she was fitted for nothing, and knew that it would be a hard task.

Early Monday morning, she noticed while looking through the "Times" that the Cartier Detective Agency wanted a young girl assistant. Lynn thought she might as well investigate it, and reaching the Agency was not surprised to see many other girls intent on the same purpose. The wait was interminable, but she was finally admitted to the manager, Mr. Cartier. He appraised her slowly and nodding to a chair said,

"Sit down, Miss ——?"

"Jordan," replied Lynn.

"You have had experience, I presume, Miss Jordan?"

Lynn said slowly, "No, but I think I could fill the position." After receiving such details as her address, etc., Mr. Cartier said, "We will engage you, Miss Jordan, but you must understand that you are to be at our call at any time."

Lynn nodded, thinking happily that she had secured a position. She was suddenly aware though that Mr. Cartier had resumed talking.

"You will drop your name of Jordan, and while in our employ will be known as Number 29."

Lynn's only reply was "Oh."

"Your first assignment," continued Mr. Cartier, "will be to go to Paris. You will receive your orders before you leave, but they are sealed and must not be opened until you reach Paris. At Havre you will be met by our senior member, Mr. Davidson."

"When will I leave?" asked Lynn.

"If possible, tomorrow at midnight. Passage has been booked on the S.S. Mauretania."

It was fifteen minutes to twelve, and Lynn was pacing the dock at the foot of 125th Street. Where on earth could Mr. Cartier be, she wondered. Just at that moment, however, Lynn saw him alight from a Black and Yellow Cab.

"There you are, 29," cried Cartier, "Just made it, didn't I? Here are your orders. But now we had better board her, she sails in eight minutes."



Lynn had tucked the envelope in her purse, and was now wending her way up the gang-plank. Several minutes later she was on "A" deck, where her cabin was situated, and was standing by the railing. What a milling crowd that is on the dock, she thought. Mr. Cartier, with a final "bon voyage," left her.

The boat was slipping away from the dock, and Lynn could hear distinctly the throbbing of the engines. Bed was the best thing now she thought, and after quite a hunt, found her cabin. She was awakened next morning by the stewardess, who brought hot tea and rolls. Hurriedly dressing, she went out on deck, where the sea-air was very refreshing after her stuffy cabin. Lynn kept her purse, containing the envelope, with her all the time, remembering Mr. Cartier's warning as to its importance. He had also said that attempts might be made to steal it. Lynn could hear a steward calling the early risers to breakfast, but not feeling like food, she took a couple of turns around the deck. The rest of the ocean trip was just like any other life aboard ship. Miniature golf, quoits, swimming and other sports. The last night aboard was very different however.

Lynn had retired early, so as to be fresh for the early morning landing at Havre. It must be confessed she was rather eager to meet Mr. Davidson, but most of all to read the sealed orders. Lynn, turning uneasily in her sleep, thought it couldn't possibly be six o'clock. But now the sound of somebody moving in her cabin, fully awakened her. The intruder was dressed in a dark hat and coat. A silk scarf, drawn adroitly round his neck, partially concealed his face. Lynn was frightened, and screamed. Barely a few seconds later, the second lieutenant, Richards, knocked on the door, asking if there was trouble. There was no answer, as Lynn was silenced by the sight of a gun. She managed, however, to upset a chair in rising from her bed, and the noise persuaded Richards there was something wrong. Opening the door, as the intruder had not had the precaution to lock it, he stepped in, first drawing his automatic. With a muttered curse, the intruder tried to leave, but Richards was too quick for him. Hearing Lynn's evidence, the man was put under arrest, and Lynn was assured there would be no more disturbance. Hastily looking in her purse she was relieved to find that the papers were still there. There was no more sleep for Lynn so she decided to read.

Six o'clock the Mauretania docked at Havre. Lynn anxiously looked around for Mr. Davidson but as she did not know him, she had no luck. Presently, feeling a slight touch at her elbow, she turned to see a well-dressed, attractive young man.

"I am Alan Davidson," he said. "Are you number 29?"

"Yes," replied Lynn, "I was wondering if you would come or not!"

Lynn and Alan Davidson proceeded directly to Paris, where she could then open the envelope. The minute the train stopped, the envelope was in her hands. Its contents were: "Go to Mme. Dupre, No. 79, Rue Canaris."

Rather odd, thought Lynn, but she took a taxi; it was not a long way, and she soon arrived.

"Deux francs," said the driver. Thrusting a ten franc note into the delighted man's hands, she ran up the steps and rang the bell. It was answered by a trim maid who led her into the library where an elderly lady sat at a desk writing.

"You are Miss Jordan, I think," enquired the lady.

"Yes, and you are Mme. Dupre," answered Lynn.

"Sit down and I will explain it all to you. I must confess we have used you as an experiment. Your father's brother, Arthur Jordan, is a great traveller and never settled in one place. He wishes to make his will, but naturally wants his money to go to someone as fearless and fond of adventure as himself. Someone who can rise quickly to an emergency. You will be glad to know that you have proved yourself to possess all these qualities."

—P. Henderson, Grade X.

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### À LA PLAGE

Marie est une petite fille. Pendant les vacances elle va au bord de la mer. Elle joue sur la plage avec son seau et sa pelle. Marie fait des châteaux de sable.

Sur la plage elle porte un costume de bain. Elle se baigne à onze heures.

Les après-midis elle se promène sur les rochers et elle joue avec sa poupée.

Marie aime beaucoup la mer.

Marie attrape des vairons tous les matins. Aujourd'hui elle voit une petite écrevisse de mer, mais l'écrevisse ne bouge pas.

Marie montre l'écrevisse de mer à sa mère. L'écrevisse est en émail et elle est précieuse. La mère est très contente parce que Marie a trouvé l'écrevisse.

—Margaret Aldous, Grade VII.

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### AT SCHOOL

I do hate lessons,

I don't think it's fair,

To have to sit and study

Instead of building castles in the air.

Arithmetic is difficult,

And grammar with its nouns,

And spelling drives me crazy

With all its different sounds.

I sometimes really do try,

But it does me provoke

To have to sit and study

'Stead of playing with fairy folk.

History is silly,  
With all its many facts.  
I stuff them all in so tight  
Until my brain just cracks!

Hygiene may be useful,  
But it is so dry.  
Come! Let's go to fairyland,  
Just you and I.

The teachers are so very kind,  
I really hate to go,  
But I'd rather do without them,  
Than have to study so.

—Marion Haig, Grade VI.

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### THE WIND

I am the wind,  
So great and strong,  
I whistle and blow  
The whole day long.  
I make the branches  
Of great trees sway,  
While all the children  
Look up and say,  
"Oh, hear the wind,  
So great and strong,  
He whistles and blows  
The whole day long."

—Lydia Klein, Grade V.

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### MY FLOWER GARDEN

I have a pretty garden,  
With flowers pink and fair,  
Roses blooming in the sun,  
And bird notes everywhere.

Where bees may gather honey,  
And buzz the whole day through,  
Who would not want to live like me?  
There are but very few.

—Jane Ellis, Grade V.





### CHRISTMAS POEM

Let us shout for Christmas Day,  
As it comes along its way,  
With the holly and the snow  
And with the mistletoe.

At last, at last it is Christmas eve  
And in the morning our gifts we receive,  
We'll hang up our stockings beside the fire  
And to bed we all will retire.

—Jane Ellis, Grade V.

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### THE OLD SHOES

In the old cupboard upstairs sat the old brown shoes and the party shoes.

"Oh!" sobbed the old brown shoes, "I wish we were going to a party."

"You're not nice enough to go," said the stuck-up party shoe.

"Would you like to tell us what it is like?" asked the left brown shoe.

"Yes," said they, but got taken away when the door opened and a voice said, "Here they are," and two little hands grabbed the party shoes.

When the brown shoes woke up from a sad sleep the party shoes had come back.

"Well, did you have a good time?" asked the brown shoes.

"Of course," replied the party shoes saucily.

It was dark in the cupboard and they could not see the party shoes very well so they went to sleep. Next morning the brown shoes asked the party shoes what happened at the party. However, the door opened and again the same little hands came in and grabbed, not the party shoes, but the little brown shoes, and she said, "Here they are."

The little brown shoes only had time to stick out their brown tongues at the party shoes and say, "Well, anyhow, you have not been to the seaside."

When the door closed the party shoes stood there crying. They were never stuck up again.

—Margaret Powell, Grade VI.

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### THE OLD HAT AND DRESS

There was once a hat in a cupboard in the attic; it was an old-fashioned hat and used to be very pretty, but it got faded and torn. It used to be bright blue with pink roses on it, but now they were almost white. There was a dress to match it. The dress was still being used by the lady who owned it. One day the hat said to itself, "I wish I had someone to talk to, it is so very lonely here."

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Just then the door opened and a maid placed the dress in the cupboard, right beside the hat. Then the hat said to the dress, "My dear dress, it has been very lonely here without you, I have no friends here at all."

The dress replied, "I have been lonely too. I have no other friends. The only other dresses were of a new style. They thought themselves very wonderful and teased me all the time, but we will be happy together."

"I am sure we will."

After the dress and the hat had been in the cupboard for a few weeks they were very surprised to see a girl of about thirteen open the door. They were carried to the room downstairs. The next day the girl put them on—she was going to a masquerade party. She won first prize for the best costume. The dress and hat were very pleased. They were never put back in the cupboard again. Instead they were kept in a glass case in a museum because they were so old. Both were very happy together.

—Agnes Richardson, Grade V.

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### HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

Hallowe'en is the night  
When ghosts and goblins come;  
They all have awful faces,  
And all are decked in white.

I don't know where they come from,  
Nor why they choose this night,  
But they go to all windows  
And lock and seal them tight.

Then just at the hour of midnight,  
They all begin to dance,  
They have the grandest time  
As round the moon they prance.

Then at the stroke of morning,  
They all vanish from sight,  
Back to the land they came from,  
Till next Hallowe'en night.

—Edith Haig, Grade VIII.

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### THE OLD TALL HAT

Mr. Klein had been for a walk one morning and on his return he saw his neighbor, Mr. Jones, with a new tall hat. That was too much for him. He was going to have a new hat too, so he thought he would tell his wife about it when he got home.

"Ruth, I saw Mr. Jones and what do you think he had?—a new hat. You do not want him to get ahead of us in fashion do you?"

"No, I should say not, but it does seem a shame to part with that old hat. Why it's the hat you wore at our wedding, isn't it dear?"

"Yes, why of course. Just think of all those years I've worn it. Well, now I will leave it to you Ruth. Goodbye."

"Oh! I could not think of throwing it away. I'll put it in the trunk upstairs in the attic with my wedding dress."

Now, Tom was the name of the old hat and his old sweetheart was the wedding dress, whom he had not seen since the day Mr. and Mrs. Klein got married. You can just see how pleased they were to see each other—they talked about old times. But something had happened before the old hat came. Mrs. Mouse had burrowed a hole in the trunk and had brought up a family in the wedding dress, until one day Tibby, Mrs. Klein's cat, had killed Mrs. Mouse.

How sad the poor little mice were. But what do you think Mrs. Wedding Dress and Old Tom Hat did? They made the sweetest little home for them. They romped in Old Tom Hat and slept in Wedding Dress.

—Vera James, Grade V.

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### THE RINGER OF THE BELL

She comes, she comes, with willing feet,  
She comes, she comes on mercy bound,  
And all heads turn to watch her pass,  
And all ears listen for the sound.

And all lips whisper, "'Tis the bell,"  
And then it comes, so clear and sweet,  
Tolling the doom of the last morning class  
And urging people to their feet.

—Betty Ray Parton, Grade IX.

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### LA JOIE DU PRINTEMPS

Quand le printemps arrive, tout le monde est très heureux. Il fait du soleil, les oiseaux et les grenouilles chantent, les chiens courent et jouent avec les enfants.

Ou peut-être que le printemps arrive quand on est à la campagne et alors il est différent. Il fait du soleil, et les oiseaux et les grenouilles chantent; même les chiens courent mais il n'y a pas de bruit. Il est le pays des contes de fée!

On pêche, on chante, on danse joyeusement. L'air est chaud, les jours sont longs et le monde est nouveau.

—Mary Bull, Grade X.

**SPILLING INK**

Somebody shouts at you that your ink is spilling; you dash to the cupboard to find the lemon very dry and useless or not there at all. You run down to the kitchen after another lemon. You run back upstairs again and start to scrub away at the ink spot while the rest of the class appear far more interested in your scrubbing than in the lesson in progress. Finally you put away the ruined lemon and cloth and go back to your seat victorious.

It is all over and one more pale blue spot is added to the collection already on the floor.

—Margaret Aldous, Grade VII.

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**SPRING**

Longer and longer grow the days,  
Warmer and warmer the bright sun's rays,  
The cold brown earth awakes from sleep  
And through the cracks the seedlings peep.

The trees and shrubs are pulsing  
With the gentle flow of sap,  
The buds throw off their winter coats  
And waken up again.

The tall and slender daffodils,  
Wake up to greet the morn,  
Like a swarm of butterflies,  
Each blowing a golden horn.

—Phyllis Deaver, Grade VIII.

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**CHEZ LE DENTISTE**

Un petit garçon va voir le dentiste. Le dentiste est un homme très formidable, et le petit garçon le craint beaucoup. Il s'assied dans une grande chaise. Le dentiste va arracher une dent! C'est terrible! Le petit hurle hautement. Mais c'est trop tard. La dent est sacrifiée.

Mais à la maison il se porte mieux. Les amis du petit garçon sont très intéressés. Ils regardent la dent et la cavité. Le petit garçon est un héros; et il est très content. Il pense que le renom vaut bien la peine.

—Peggy Carlisle, Grade IX.

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**A PUZZLE: WHO IS IT?**

A man there is whom we all know,  
He affects one and all each day,  
He lets some children play in snow,  
Who he is you can easily say.



Some years he is very good to us,  
And some years makes himself disliked,  
And then we have to ride in a bus,  
And keep the windows tight.

(Answer: Old Man Winter).

—Isobel Hutchison, Grade VII.

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### THE DEATH OF WINTER

With sorrow we see the winter die,  
When the sparkling snow melts to the ground;  
When the last loud gale with a shrieking cry  
Leaves for the north like a hunting hound.

—Muriel Beth Gourley, Grade X.

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### A NAUGHTY BOY

My brother is a naughty boy,  
Even when at home;  
He never does his practising  
But sits and plays with plasticine.

My brother is a naughty boy,  
When he is anywhere;  
When he was at the neighbor's—  
He teased the little boy.

My brother is a naughty boy,  
Even when at school;  
He fights with all the boys he knows  
And never tries to obey a rule.

My brother is a naughty boy,  
Even when in bed;  
And you can never really tell  
What's in his silly head.

—Marian McCurdy, Grade VII.

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### PRISONER

I sinned.  
They threw me here; below a castle:  
To stay a year. Alone. In darkness.  
No sight. No sound. No smell.  
Just blackness in this living hell!  
Empty!  
No life. No love. No home.

No passages to roam.  
One room. Musty. Cold and damp.  
Not e'en a lamp  
To light my gloom.  
No thought. No freedom. No view.  
No need to say a word,  
For who could hear me? Who?  
Nothing to do.  
No calendar to check the days.  
I've been here a month; it seems always.  
I'll go mad with this perpetual black before me.  
If I were blind, I would not know, for I cannot see.  
No friends!  
O woe to me.  
I'll have friends no more. For  
They'll be ashamed to acknowledge me.  
But those aren't real friends, are they?  
When I get away I'll start anew  
And find some loyal friends—and true.  
People who like me for what I am  
And not the things I own.  
I'll have no home  
To go to. None cares.  
I wish I could die,  
But before I go, I fain  
Would see  
The birds and bees  
And flowers and trees  
Again.

—Muriel Neilson, Grade XI.

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### AUTUMN WIND

Through the valley and over the hill,  
Rippling the stream by the old saw mill,  
Now whispering through the ripening ears,  
It now the laden orchard nears.

Shaking down from all the trees,  
Showers of bright and dancing leaves.  
Now rushing past the fragrant fields,  
Where his scythe the reaper wields.

See it skipping down the road,  
Past the farmer's harvest load;  
Climbing, climbing, ever on,  
Now the autumn wind is gone.

—Margaret Aldous, Grade VII.

## THE ZOO

I'm a little girl of four,  
My name is Mary Isadore.  
I play outside the live-long day,  
Or else I sleep upon the hay.

We have a zoo in our busy town,  
With bears and cubs that are white and brown.  
The elephant with his great big eyes  
Is watching the kiddies make mud pies.

The lions and tigers roar and roar,  
Till you'd think their throats would get so sore!  
The rabbit is twinkling his little pink nose  
And the proud peacock is trying to pose.

My favorite place in the town is the zoo,  
If you've ever been there, you'd think so too.

—Betty Rose Eager, Grade VIII.

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THE COUNCIL, 1931

**MY DOG**

He runs all over the house,  
After the cat and mouse;  
You put him out of doors  
And then he growls and roars.

You will take him for a walk  
And he will give you such a shock,  
But when you put him to bed,  
He will go almost out of his head.

When he wakes next day,  
He will be so gay  
And frisky,  
That you will think it risky  
To let him out.

—Catherine Walton, Grade VII.

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**THE HISTORY DOLLS CONVERSE**

"I am a little doll,  
My dress is silver grey,  
I lived in the time of Saul,  
And I've come from far away."

"Oh! I'm Elizabeth, tall and thin,  
And here's Sir Raleigh, brave and bold;  
I'm a Protestant, I've committed no sin,  
And Sir Raleigh's a seaman, so I'm told."

"I am a German dolly,  
My name is Rena Vay,  
Like Elizabeth, I've committed no folly,  
Not to this very day."

"I am the lady gay,  
But my lord is far away;  
He's gone hunting the graceful hart,  
Which o'er the hillock doth dip and dart."

"Now let's go to bed," said the lady gay,  
"All right," said the doll in silver grey,  
"Let's put the lights out," says Rena Vay,  
So endeth this bright and beautiful day.

—Eleanor Tucker, Grade VIII.



### THE FANCY BALL

The silver, the dishes, the pans and all,  
Decided to have a fancy ball.  
It was to be held when the clock struck one,  
And all of their daily work was done.

The clock was asked to be there on time,  
And strike the hour with his very best chime,  
The orchestra came from over the way,  
And all of the guests were happy and gay.

The salt cellars came as Jack and Jill,  
And started to dance with a right good will.  
The butterknife came entered as Mary Contrary  
And the honey spoon came as a sweet little fairy.

The cake tin arrived as an old fashioned girl,  
And the frying pan came in a costume of pearl.  
Then they decided they'd dance no more,  
For the clock announced it was nearly four.

So they all gathered round on the floor in a ring,  
And the kettle a beautiful song did sing.  
This was the end of the fancy ball,  
And to bed went the dishes, the pans and all.

Monica Cave, Grade VII.

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### A BALLAD OF SIR MALCOLM

One brave young knight,  
Called Sir Malcolm de Bright,  
Was riding a horse,  
On a long day's course.

He was going to see  
His lady fair,  
Who was waiting for him  
On a snow white mare.

She was dismounting,  
With her fair hair behind her bounding,  
She bid him fair welcome  
And asked if his name was Malcolm.

"Yes, my name is Malcolm,  
For you 'tis plain.  
So answer my question,  
Is your name Jane?"

They crossed over bridges  
And jumped over ditches,  
And then slowly along the road they went,  
To a little quaint county called Kent.

They went before her father to demand,  
For his lovely daughter's hand.  
After their marriage,  
They went in a carriage,  
To their little old house of dreams.

—Katherine Hall, Grade VII.

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### ON A WALK

I left the busy city far behind,  
And turning, saw a road which seemed to wind  
As far as eye could see.  
O'er sunkissed hills and through woods dark and drear;  
O'er moors, and by streams sparkling clear,  
Through the shining grassy lea.

Here I saw a brightly colored flower,  
Resting in a green, sweet-smelling bower,  
Lifting its face to the sky.  
Now I heard birds singing songs of joy,  
Then I saw a happy whistling boy,  
Off to fish nearby.

Small thatched cottages stood here and there,  
And children played without thought of care  
In fields of green.  
I wanted to keep on that road forever,  
But soon I had to leave the luscious clover  
For where before I'd been.

—Sally Coyne, Grade X.

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### A MUSICAL PARADE

It was nearly midnight and I walked into Mr. Munroe's music shop at the end of our street. The door was usually locked at this hour but tonight it was standing half open. When I had reached the middle of the floor I suddenly noticed that none of the instruments were around.

The clock on the wall was striking twelve and on the last stroke a few lights went on and I heard faint noises in the back of the store. I got frightened and hid in a corner and kept as quiet as a mouse.

What a start I got when a double bass violin came waddling across the floor and boomed in his deep voice "Come along fellows, let's parade."

I peeked out to see what else was coming and to my great surprise I saw all the usual instruments coming after the bass violin. First the 'cello with several small violins playing some of Verdi's music from Aida and then a funny looking saxaphone came hippity hop after them. He was tooting some jazz and doing his best to drown the 'cello and violins. Next came two tiny flutes, whistling as if they were enjoying it, as I suppose they were. Behind them came Mr. Kettle Drum rattling his sticks and keeping time to the flutes. When they stopped playing a big fat trombone rolled in, laughing as if to burst.

It was all I could do to keep from laughing and scaring them away. After him came the laughing piccolo. He was cheery and laughed in quick bright notes. After Piccolo Pete came two military bugles, sounding a bugle call and then Mr. and Mrs. French Horn keeping time to their own high musical voices.

Then I thought I heard thunder, but it was only the bass drum at the end of the procession. When he had marched around the room once the bass violin said "Now we will sit down boys." Mrs. Bass Drum came straight for my corner and plumped right on top of me. Crash! I sat up and found myself on the floor beside my bed. It was only a dream.

—Mabel Stewart, Grade VIII.

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### LILACS

Lilacs—fragrant little blossoms,  
Mauve in shade and tinged with grey.  
Dainty flowers of perfumed sweetness,  
Greet us in the month of May.

Though at morn they seem their fairest,  
In the eve they seem to be  
A deeper colour and mysterious,  
And perfumed much more heavily.

These harbingers of spring bring to us  
Thoughts of love and ancient lore.  
Thoughts that fill our minds with pleasure,  
Though pain was harboured there before.

—Helen L. Richardson, Grade X.

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### UN VOYAGE EN FRANCE

Quand ma mère m' a dit que nous allions passer les vacances en France naturellement j'étais très contente. Nous avons fait la traversée de New York, après un long voyage dans le train, dans un grand vaisseau de ligne. Quoique la mer fût houleuse je n'ai pas en le mal de mer et je me

suis bien amusée. Nous avons débarqué à Southampton et nous sommes parties tout de suite pour Londres. Ici nous sommes descendues chez nos cousins et le soir nous sommes reparties pour Dover. La Manche était houleuse comme d'ordinaire mais nous sommes enfin arrivées en France.

Pendant l'été nous sommes allées voir toutes les parties de la France, comprenant le midi, le pays autour de Marseille et la province du nord de Picardie. C'était merveilleux et il a fait beau temps. A Paris nous avons visité beaucoup de restaurants mais en commun avec tous les voyageurs nous n'avons pas trouvé les endroits fréquentés par les Parisiens. J'ai été triste quand nous sommes enfin parties de la France.

—Audrey Ross, Grade X.

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### SNOW IN MAY

One day Mr. Bear was walking slowly along a path covered with snow, when he met a rabbit. "Where have you been this winter?" the rabbit asked.

"Me! oh, I have been in my cave all winter," the bear answered.

"It was warmer this winter than usual," said the rabbit, looking wise.

"Was it? I was asleep so I didn't notice."

"I was so warm, a few days ago, I nearly started shedding some of my hair, but I'm glad I didn't now," the rabbit said, after a short pause.

"It was the warm weather that woke me up, oh! I wish I was back in my cave asleep," said the bear.

"Well, I must be going, I promised my wife I'd find some soft milk-weed to make her a shawl, but I haven't had any luck so far," the rabbit commented.

"I suppose it's all covered over, what was left from last fall," said the bear wisely.

"Quite right, quite right. Well goodbye, I'll see you in the summer if it's warm."

"Good-bye, good-bye."

—Katherine Hall, Grade VII.

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### ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Anne of Green Gables  
Who was full of old fables,  
Could never get over her queer little actions,  
She grew to know better, but only by fractions.

Diana Berry her bosom friend,  
Resolved not to part till the very end,  
But something happened as is always the case  
And when it was over they flew to embrace.



Once she flew at old Mrs. Lynde,  
Who felt as if she had just been skinned,  
But Anne had to go over, and be forgiven,  
And unless she herself went, she went to be driven.

Kind, good Marilla, who adopted Anne,  
But had sincerely hoped it would be a man,—  
They found in the end 'twas a great mistake,  
But Marilla taught her to cook and bake.

Quiet, shy Matthew, her first real friend,  
She loved and adored him until the end,  
And when he died he left nothing behind  
But a blank place in her heart which no one could find.

Dora and Davy, two dear little twins,  
The boy full of mischief right to the brim.  
Dora the quiet and sedate wee one,  
Who would never take part in any fun.

Gilbert, the enemy of our little Anne,  
Soon grew to be a smart young man.  
In Hester Gray's garden in love they fell,  
And soon at Green Gables rang a wedding bell.

—Josephine Craig, Grade VII.

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### THE PIRATE SHIP

As I looked over the cliffs one day,  
What did I see but a ship in the bay—  
A pirate ship, all decked with gold,  
And pirates with silver going into the hold.

The crew was dressed in blacks and reds,  
With skull and crossbones on their heads,  
Around their waists with blue they were sashed,  
While in the sun their scabbards flashed.

They hoisted the sails and sailed away,  
Into the sea and past the bay;  
I watched, as they worked upon the deck,  
Till that pirate ship was just a speck.

—Hope Rutherford, Grade VII.

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### A HAYSTACK

You see a haystack which looks very near and easy to climb; upon further investigation you find it much farther away than you had at first supposed, and when you finally arrive, find it much harder to climb. You run at the thing but the hay falls down and you slip back. You try to dig your fingers in but you only pull out the hay. At last you have the brilliant idea that if you hoist your brothers up, they can pull you up. So you push them and eventually reach the top yourself.

You sit on the top of the stack triumphant and look about you. All around lies golden prairie bordered on one side by the marsh. Here and there on the horizon, grey against the blue, are the outlines of farm buildings. The sky overhead is cloudless blue with here and there a duck or plover winging toward its nest in the stubble, or the thin wavering line of wild geese in flight. Beyond the marsh is the smoke of a prairie fire with glimpses of dancing flame.

You slide down the stack with a heap of hay and land with a thump on the pile at the bottom. You get up and this time knowing the proper method to go about it, you have soon climbed the stack and in another minute you are again on the ground.

—Margaret Aldous, Grade VII.

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### THE TREES

So many, many different kinds  
Of tall or short trunked trees,  
So many, many kinds of leaves  
All swaying in the breeze.

So many, many different kinds  
Of birds, among the leaves,  
So many, many tiny nests  
Deep in the sheltering eaves.

So many, many different hues  
Of colors, in the fall,  
So many, many different ways  
They dance, both one and all.

So many, many different kinds  
Of beauty, this world can boast,  
But, after all is said and done  
I like the trees the most.

—Hope Rutherford, Grade VII.

### **RHEINSTEIN CASTLE**

Upon a cliff above the Rhine,  
Stands the castle of Rheinstein,  
With its glory of finest hues,  
Among the flowers and sky-blues.

Many a bluebird round its walls,  
Sweetly echoes the distant calls,  
And round and in about the trees,  
The cool wind blows its softest breeze.

The huge towers and sounding bells,  
Skim over the water while it swells and swells;  
The heavy boats go slowly by  
And the graceful swallows follow high.

The beautiful gardens look up to the sky,  
And hear the currents go rapidly by;  
While there is a light-house far beyond,  
And farther still lies Bonn.

—Josephine Craig, Grade VII.

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### **FORSAKEN NO MORE**

One Easter morn, as I came out of church, I saw a splash and a flash of tails. I went slowly down to the sea. It seemed I heard a voice in the distance calling my name. "Margaret, Margaret," and a light babble of soft voices like babies echoing. It seemed in the back of my mind, I saw a throne and a merman at my feet, and a few merbabes floating around. I went slowly home. Next twilight I again wandered by the sea. Ahead in the distance, I thought I saw a man on the rocks. As I appeared he moved nearer to the sea. All of a sudden he came running up. A mist lifted from my head. I knew who it was. It was my husband. "Margaret, dear, how long have you been gone? Our babies are waiting under the sea. Come."

—Katherine Hall, Grade VII.

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### **PUFF**

There once was a kitten named Puff,  
She looked like a small ball of fluff.  
She would play every day  
In her quaint little way,  
But was never known to be rough.

—Shirley McLean, Grade II.

### ANOTHER PUFF

Puff came to our house one day,  
Looking for a place to stay.  
I brought her in and gave her some milk  
And now her coat is shining like silk.

—Barbara South, Grade II.

### PUSSY WILLOW

Pussy Willow, you're glossy and brown,  
Pussy Willow, you're soft like down,  
Pussy Willow, you bring us Spring,  
Pussy Willow, you make our hearts sing.

—Barbara South, Grade II.

### THE BUS MAN

The bus man calls  
At our homes each day,  
Drives us to Riverbend,  
Where we work and play.

—Elizabeth Ann McKellar, Grade II.

### MY SISTER

I have a sister,  
Her name is Jane,  
When she is naughty  
She gives me a pain.

—Alice Bull, Grade I.

### DARKY

We had a doggie  
And his name was Darky,  
He was so black  
That we called him that.

—Margaret Stovel, Grade II.

### UN JOYEUX NOEL

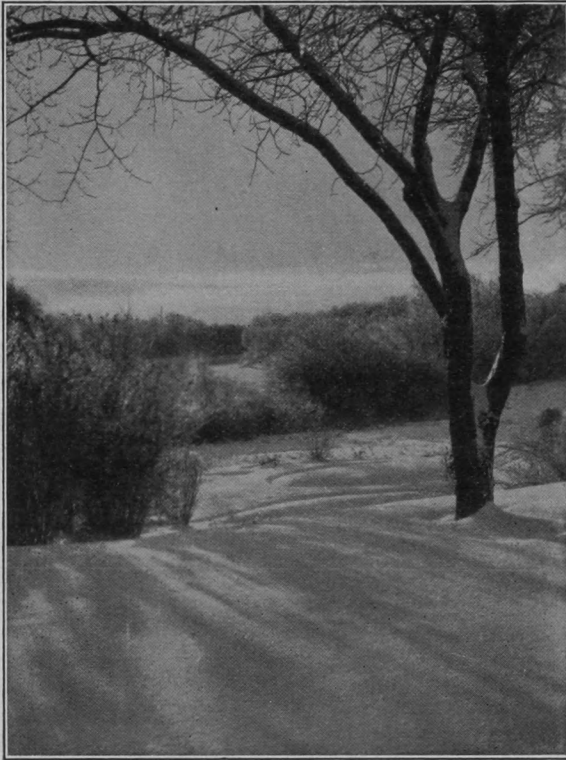
C'est la veille de Noël, et les enfants, pendent les décorations sur l'arbre de Noël. Il y a du gui et des cloches. Quelques personnes arrivent maintenant et ils apportent beaucoup de cadeaux qu' ils mettent dans une grande boîte. Nous ouvrons la porte et ils entrent dans la salle. Ils nous



donnent les cadeaux et puis ils sortent de la maison encore. Ils montent dans leur traîneau et ils s'en vont. Nous plaçons les cadeaux autour de l'arbre de Noël et puis il est temps de nous coucher, parce que l'horloge sonne neuf heures. Pendant la nuit, nous dormons bien et nous nous réveillons à six heures le jour de Noël, parce que nous sommes si impatients. Nous nous habillons et nous courons au déjeuner. Notre mère et notre père nous disent "Nos meilleurs voeux pour un joyeux Noël et une bonne année!" D'abord nous finissons notre déjeuner, et puis nous allons à l'arbre de Noël et nous ouvrons nos cadeaux. Le Père Noël est certainement bon pour nous, parce que nous recevons tout ce que nous voulons.

—Mary Jane Austin, Grade IX.

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WINTER, 1930

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**A NURSERY RHYME MEDLEY**

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The Babes were lost in the woods and had been all day. Towards evening they became hungry, tired and cold.

"Sister," said Teddy, "you must be brave and not cry, I see a light in the distance," so they walked on towards it.

On the way they came across the cat with his fiddle beside him and a cow and dog as well as Miss Muffet. All of a sudden he began to play such a funny tune that the cow jumped over the moon and the little dog laughed so much that the dish ran away with the spoon.

The Babes had a good laugh and talk with these friends, then they went on towards the light. As they got near they saw a form running towards them.

"Oh-o-o-o! What's that Teddy?"

"I-I d-don't k-know."

"Save me! save me!" cried a voice which they distinguished as the Gingerbread Boy.

"Why, whatever's the matter?" asked Sue.

"They are chasing me and want to eat me!" panted the poor boy.

So Teddy very kindly put him in his pocket till the people had passed, then set him down. He thanked them very much and went on his way.

At last they reached the light which turned out to be a castle. The Babes told the guards their plight so they took them to his Majesty King Cole, who was just calling for his pipe, bowl, and Fiddlers Three. He was a very kind man and gave them food and a night's lodging.

In the morning they started out again and saw Jack and Jill climbing the hill to get some water; as they were thirsty the Babes went with them. When they were coming down Jack fell and broke his crown. The three children rushed to the place to find Red Riding Hood bathing Jack's head; the wolf had gone home to get vinegar and brown paper.

After this the Babes walked on and bumped into Goldylocks, who was being chased by the Three Bears. Teddy was not afraid of them so he went up to Father Bear and offered him his pretty blue jacket if he wouldn't chase Goldylocks so they went home content with their gift.

Towards evening the Babes reached the house of the dwarfs and Snowdrop. She took them in and gave them a bed and food. During the night the children heard a tiny squeaky voice saying

"Dickery, Dickery, Dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one  
And down the mouse ran,  
Dickery, Dickery, Dock."

When the Babes were in bed Snowdrop asked the dwarfs if the Babes could stay with them, because they were lost and didn't care to be found by their cruel uncle.

"Yes," said the dwarfs, "if they are good children."

And they were very good children, living happily in the little white house on the hill-top with the seven dwarfs and Snowdrop.

—Betty Mackay, Grade VII.

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### DER ZINNSOLDAT

Einmal waren fünfundzwanzig Zinnsoldaten. Ihr Vater war ein alter Zinnlöffel gewesen, und so waren sie alle Brüder. Sie hatten alle Gewehre und Uniformen, rot und blau. Sie kamen zu einem kleinen Knaben und standen auf einem grossen runden Tisch mit den anderen Spielsachen.

Ein Zinnsoldat hat nur ein Bein. Er liebt die schöne Tänzerin welche im Schlosse lebt auf dem Tisch. In der Nacht fällt der Zinnsoldat aus dem Fenster. Morgens setzten zwei kleine Knaben den Soldaten auf ein Boot aus Papier und ein Fisch verschluckte ihn. Als der Fisch gefangen wurde, wurde der Soldat in ihm gefunden. Der eine Knabe wird ihn in den Ofen. Es ist sehr heiss im Ofen und der Soldat fühlte es. Er wurde weicher und kleiner. Denn wehte ein Wind die schöne Tänzerin auch in den Ofen. Morgens als die Ofen-Tür geöffnet wur sah man in der Asche ein kleines Zinnherz.

—Sally Coyne, Grade X.

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### BELATED SNOW

I like the soft white flakes of snow,  
As they seem to come and go.  
In the winter they're very nice  
Except when they fall and cover the ice,  
Then as you're walking down the street  
You suddenly take an ungraceful seat.  
Snow is fine at the right time of year,  
When we all toboggan with lots of cheer,  
But when in Spring the leaves are just out  
And the braver plants are beginning to sprout,  
The wind gets cold and snow gets bold—  
And down it comes as sheep from the fold.  
Then I should like to get hold of, and pay,  
The woman who plucks her geese in May.

—Betty Mackay, Grade VII.

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### THE BLUE GOOSE

Where the great blue Wa Wa fly,  
None know but they and I;  
I have seen them fly and I have seen them rest,  
I have seen them build their nest.

Have you seen the long white head  
 On slate-grey body as it sped  
 On its northward journey far away,  
 Where for the summer they will stay?

None see its homeward flight  
 But I, and I only from a far up height;  
 None so wild, so swift as they,  
 White head and body slatey-grey.

—Connie Ramsay, Grade VIII.

### DAYLIGHT

(A Song)

Gone is the night! And the earth is filled with light; The

crim-son sun is in the east; Gone is the night!

Gone is the night!  
 And the earth is filled with light;  
 The crimson sun is in the east;  
 Gone is the night!

Apollo's nigh!  
 And his chariot through the sky  
 He drives; soars high above the earth,  
 Apollo's nigh!

Come is the night!  
 And faded is earth's light,  
 The sun has sunk behind the hills,  
 Come is the night!

—Mary Mackenzie, Grade VIII.



**DAWN AND SUNSET**

When I look from out my window at the breaking of the day,  
The sun bids me good mórning from the hill tops far away;  
I see the wakening flowers, petals filled with dewdrops bright,  
Or maybe wet with summer rain that's fallen in the night.

When I look from out my window when the day is growing old,  
The sun smiles down in splendor from his bed of red and gold;  
The flowers are nodding sleepily; the breezes, once so gay,  
Scarce stir the leaves of any trees as they whisper on their way.

—Muriel Neilson, Grade XI.

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**THE OLD HOME**

Far from the noisy city,  
Far from the ocean blue,  
Stands a house in a state of pity,  
And the grounds are wet with dew.

Long has the house been vacant,  
Long since a light's been seen,  
But it stands there noble and reverent,  
Clothed in moss, damp and green.

Few know the old story of plunder,  
Few hear the loud moans and cries.  
Strangers gaze upon it in wonder  
And it gazes back through unseeing eyes.

No one knows that by each window,  
No one knows that by each door,  
Stands a spirit waiting for tomorrow,  
Hoping the foe will return once more.

They may wait till the old walls dry,  
They may wait till the end of the world,  
But never again will they hear that cry  
That tells that a dagger's been hurled.

Soon shall the tale be forgotten,  
Soon shall the ghosts fade away,  
For the house is old and forsaken,  
Its foundations beginning to sway.

Let the ghosts leave to haunt the forest,  
Let the old house crumble away,  
But through my mind like a chorus,  
That story will run till I'm grey.

—Dorothy Davidson, Grade X.

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**SPRING FLOWERS**

The crocus doesn't mind the cold  
Of springtime on the prairie.  
She is heedless of the north wind bold,  
In her warm coat, soft and furry.

The little snowdrop of pure white,  
Can bear the coldest weather;  
Her bright face is a pretty sight  
And greets us sourly never.

The daffodil with her golden horn,  
Sways silently to and fro.  
Her golden head we see each morn  
Along the garden row.

—Janet Turnbull, Grade VIII.

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**A DULL DAY**

The wind is blowing strong;  
The birds don't feel like song,  
The sky has lost its vivid blue  
And the clouds won't let the sun peep through.

—Marnie Austin, Grade VIII.

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**NOEL**

C'est la veille de Noël. Les jumeaux, Jean et Jeanne, sont très contents. L'arbre de Noël est très joli. Les jumeaux dansent et chantent quand ils le voient avec une étoile et les cloches et les décorations.

Mais ils se couchent. Le Père Noël va venir. Ils mettent leurs souliers dans le salon, près du feu. Alors ils sont au lit, ils dorment.

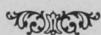
Leur mère et leur père font de jolis cadeaux aux jumeaux, une poupée pour Jeanne et un traîneau pour Jean.

Le matin! A six heures Jean et Jeanne se lèvent et ils trouvent leurs souliers. Oh! les cadeaux! les bonbons! Mais Jean dit: "Un traîneau et un train électrique de mamam et papa!" Et Jeanne dit: "Une poupée et une voiture de maman et papa! Mais voici maman et papa." Jean et Jeanne disent ensemble: "Joyeux Noël! Joyeux Noël!"

—Betty Ray Parton, Grade IX.

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## REPORTS



### SOME MEMBERS OF GRADE VIII.

**A** is for Alison, our top of the class,  
**B** is for Betty, our young dancing lass.  
**C** is for Collard, our president's last name,  
**D** is for Deaver, who plays a good game.  
**E** is for Elspeth, our baseball star,  
**F** is for Flettie, behind Elspeth not far.  
**G** is for Grace, our games captain gay,  
**H** is for Haig, as fresh as the day.  
**I** is for ink, often spilt on the floors,  
**J** is for Jane, who o'er her books pores.  
**K** is for laughing fit, or in other words kink,  
**L** is for lemon to clean up the ink.  
**M** is for Marnie, or Mary so bright,  
**N** is for nibs, which help us to write.  
**O** is for open, which our windows are always,  
**P** is for punishment, to obey we find pays.  
**Q** is for queen, we all act like one,  
**R** is for Ruth always playing a pun.  
**S** is for Stewart, our ash-blond invention,  
**T** is for Tucker of dusky complexion.  
**U** is for us or grade eight as a whole,  
**V** is for virtues, we have them all told.  
**W** is for Whyte, oh what a forward!  
**X, Y** and **Z** are as usual, no word.

—Janet Turnbull, Grade VIII.

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### GRADE NINE

To set an example, we now present here,  
Margaret Keith, our "president" dear.

Horses, horses, that's the style,  
It's the only thing for Peggy Carlisle.

Betty Dailley, fair and tall  
For flowing tresses, she beats us all.

Frances' eyes are a sparkling blue  
And Frances' spirits sparkle too.

Mary Jane Austin, our rosy-cheeked maiden,  
With kind help and advice is always laden.

Dorothea Tait, lacks never a date,  
For popularity she's really great.

Away in the corner Edwina sits,  
To answer her questions takes all our wits.

Our "vice," Betty Parton, sad to relate,  
In spite of her rushing, always is late.

Carla's the one for singing and sports,  
She's also proficient at flinging retorts.

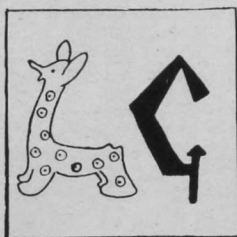
Irene Cooper's a regular brick,  
At running and jumping she's awfully slick.

Helen Leonard is exceedingly nice  
And we wouldn't change her for any price.

And now let us sing the praise of Miss Lee,  
Good-tempered and patient, on that we agree.

So here you see us one by one,  
The merriest Grade ever under the sun.

—Edwina Peacock, Betty Ray Parton, Grade IX.



### THE COROLLARY TO GRADE TEN

GRADE TEN!! Who has not heard of Riverbend's "famous Grade Ten?" We are the largest and most studious (?) class in the school. We are "go-getters" (not "goat-getters") and usually get what we set out for. Dot Young is our very able presi-

dent, and Margaret MacLean and Mary Bull her helpers. Very good they are too!

We seem to shine mostly in sports—though we did have one bad downfall; we lost the basketball cup to Grade XI. But to make up for that we won the Track Meet Cup, given by Birks. Six of our members are on the first and second Riverbend Basketball Teams, which is a good majority as you can see.

We had two very successful picnics, one in the fall, and the other in May. Some of the girls got their cars and we went out to Fort Garry Drive—and did we have fun!!



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Miss Amies, or "Mademoiselle," is our class teacher, and she certainly does her best by us!

You may have noticed the wee drawing at the top of the page? That is Barbara, the "corollary," mascot, and little joke dear to Grade Ten.

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Marjorie: "I guess we'll be getting that cyclone that was in Regina the other day."

Muriel Beth: "Then I'll have to get some bobby pins to hold down my locks."

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Jane came to school in a tunic three inches too short, having torn her other one. Miss Amies remarked that she was glad Jane wasn't her child, and Jane replied absently "So is mother."

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Miss MacNeill (in Geometry): "Now girls, watch carefully. Fasten your eyes to the board and keep them there!"

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CLOCK GOLF

## GRADE XI.

PAT BLAIR. A good sport, student and friend. Favorite pastimes, trying to get a tan and to beat Betty.

DOROTHY COOPER. A hard worker, mathematician and a good friend. Ambition—to high jump.

KATHLEEN CORKE. Kay is interested in riding, swimming and in fact everything that comes along. Pastime—writing compositions. Ambition—to be a nurse.

BETTY CRAWFORD. "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low." Betty came to us from Kelvin and is one of our few artists. Pet aversion—Virgil.

DOROTHY CREELMAN. Breezy, carefree and lovable, Dot tries her best to be serious. Hobbies—art and dancing.

DOROTHY GOULTER. Generous with her ideas and opinions, she "chews" her way with determination.

LILLIAN GOULTER. Our songster from Virden. She divides her time impartially between grade ten and eleven, but we claim her as our own.

BETH KENNEDY. Our budding poet and social convenor. Interested in every new enterprise. A charming chatterbox.

JEAN LAING. Her activities in all kinds of athletics have been many. Another pastime—studying when not too busy.

ROBERTA LEE. Hair fair, eyes blue,

We all like her, you would too.

Roberta, our secretary, is very enthusiastic about sports. Noted for her blushes.

ELSA LEHMANN. A lover of books, blessed with originality, humor and a large vocabulary which at times bewilders the less enlightened among us. Pet diversion—homeless dogs and cats.

VERE MASON. A true sport in every sense of the word, she has been straight "forward" in her basketball as in everything else.

BETTY MCHATTIE. Has been active and efficient in several accomplishments. We prophesy a brilliant career for her.

IVA MONSON. Hails from Assiniboia. L'enfant of the class. Failing is French.

MURIEL NEILSON. Our class poet whose sunny disposition brightens up the room. Pastime—telling jokes. Greatest joy—having passed her arithmetic supp.

JANE NICHOLLS. Helpful and cheerful on all occasions, shows a lively interest in all school activities. Ambition—to be too tall to be a leaning post.

MURIEL SCOTT. "Still water runs deep." Quiet and hard-working, Muriel excels in History essays. We wish her success in French.

KATHLEEN YOUNG. Our class president whose valiant attempts to preserve calm during study have not gone unappreciated. Wherever Kay is there's laughter. Interests—riding and swimming.

ICHNEUMON. The mascot of the class occupied the seat of honor in the basketball cup. The team are positive it was his flopping ears and saucy tail urged them on to victory.

### HEARD IN GRADE XI.

What is a circle?

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Dot Creelman (after much thought). Nothing is perfect, therefore if I perfect all my faults I'll be nothing at all, so what's the use?

Elsa—How much is a Latin grammar?

Answer—65c.

Elsa—Any amusement tax?

What is the background of "As You Like It"?

Answer, brightly: "The Garden of Eden."

Who says:—

Etc., etc., etc. *Mrs. Foster*

Bon. *Mademoiselle*

Don't tear paper girls. *Miss Duval*

It's perfectly obvious. *Miss MacNeil*

Are you staying in the room? *Miss DeWitt*

Why aren't you outside? *Mrs. McElwain*

Jean—I put my head through a window the other day.

Kay—Did you hurt yourself?

Jean—Yes, I got a pane in my neck.

Beth (having been asked what she was doing). "I'm waiting for Dot then I've gotta dash.

Kay Young: I know more than Julius Cæsar.

Muriel: How is that?

Kay: Well, I know what happened to Brutus and he doesn't.

### THE XI.'s AND XII.'s OF LAST YEAR

ISABEL HILL, last year's Head Girl, is at present a lady of leisure.

MARY McLEAN is pursuing her studies in Grade XII. at Wesley College. We wonder if she still sleep-walks.

MARGARET BROWN is learning the intricacies of pharmacy in her father's drug store, where she will remain for three years until prepared for the two-year course at University.

MARION McLEOD is enrolled at the Agricultural College; though far away she is able to come to see us sometimes, which makes us glad.

WENEEN MACDONALD is back again with us in Grade XII. She holds her place as running centre on the first basketball team.

JEAN ROBERTSON and MARGARET MACDONALD are in training at the General Hospital and are said to enjoy their work very much.

JEAN LAING is attending Riverbend again and is one of the guards of the first basketball team.

MARGARET EVANS is one of this season's popular debutantes. Her coming out interested us particularly. It is said that she has achieved much merit in Girl Guide work, being "Warranted Captain" of her Company.

DOROTHY MCGAVIN is putting aside her ability in History in preference for training in St. Boniface Hospital. In this vocation she is doubtlessly becoming "bigger and better than ever."

JEAN MACPHERSON is still "Brev" since she hasn't grown any taller. Though once the wiggle in the oyster (please refer to last year's Vox Fluminis) she is now taking a Science Course at Varsity, spending her spare time in the Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority.

EVELYN HAY is a member of the Pi Beta Phi Sorority at the University, where she is the first year athletic representative.

JEAN MCLEAN will be a Bachelor of Arts of Manitoba University some day; meanwhile she is expounding her energy in Alpha Phi Sorority. During the summer, after her trip to Minneapolis, she will spend her time with her new baby sister.

We wish these girls the best of success in all their ventures and we hope that they will retain "Riverbend" as a happy memory.

—Muriel Neilson, Grade XI.

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### LIBRARY CLUB

"Coming to Library Club?"

"Yes, just a minute."

Every other Friday at four o'clock the members of the Library Club are to be found making their way to the "old office," now the drawing-room where our meetings are held. We are all assembled—Pat and Beth on the floor, three on a chair and everyone else perched on every convenient spot; amid gales of laughter we read "Nothing But the Truth." Our next venture was to attempt to act, "The Little Man," with Roberta in the leading role. We also read, "The Blue Bird," our last big play.

The new books in the Library have been bought by the Club with "Pound Fines."

We had a jolly party last term; played games, roasted marshmallows and ate too much. On May day we had tea and read a variety of essays. Plans for a tea to be given by the Club are now being discussed; we hope it will be as successful as the one given by the Club last year.

—Betty McHattie, Grade XI.



## THE FRENCH CLUB

The French Club has completed a very successful year. This was partly due to the fact that it has been divided into Junior and Senior divisions. Elsa Lehmann was elected president of the Senior club, and Margaret Austin was president of the Junior Club.

Besides the usual games and songs there were several amusing plays presented. In the Senior club Grade XI. gave two plays, "L'Avocat Patelin" and "Le Voyageur et les Huitres." A play by Grade X. entitled "L'homme qui s'est marié avec une femme muette" was very entertaining.

In the Junior club the most outstanding contributions were made by Edith Haig and Alison Warner, and Grace McCurdy and Jane Montgomery, when they acted short sketches that they had written themselves. Another amusing sketch was "Monsieur Mince et Monsieur Le Gros."

The coming event is a debate in French between Grade IX. and Grade X. We anxiously await the results.

—Muriel Beth Gourley, Grade X.

## GLEE CLUB NOTES

The Glee Club at Riverbend has carried on with its usual vigour under Mrs. Dempsey's direction.

Important occasions during the first term were celebrated with appropriate songs, but our real activities did not begin until the second term.

On the evening of February 21st, with the help of the Junior Glee Club and several soloists, we put on a varied program of music and dances.

From this event we looked forward to the climax of our musical year—the Competition Festival, and bent all our energies in its direction. The time was short and the songs interesting, so on the whole we managed to remember the extra practices and to be there in full voice.

When the day arrived we set out in high excitement, and once there we sat waiting the long interval before our turn, acutely conscious of the uncomfortable and uncomfortable nature of theatre seats!

We sang and returned; at length the familiar figure of our adjudicator, Sir Hugh Robertson, appeared; he brought us all to the platform and himself put three choirs through their paces in quite a new rendering of both songs. Rupert's Land's interpretation won his award, and so the shield passed into their hands, but we hope only temporarily.

And now, the Festival over, we turn our attention to our final school performance, when we are going to sing "Land of Our Birth" and "Pippa's Song"—a happy closing to our school year.

—Elsa Lehmann, Grade XI.

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**BASKETBALL**

Of the scheduled basketball games in the Senior School, Grade X. and Grade XI. were the winners. The finals were played just before the Easter term expired and caused much excitement.

The first of the final games was won by Grade XI., after a terrific struggle of three periods and two overtimes. The score was 28-27. The second game the tide turned and Grade X. were the victors. Dorothy Davidson played a brilliant game and gained points on every free shot; she was ably assisted by Verna. Score, 22-16.

The final deciding game was played on Thursday, March 19th. Everyone was keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement, especially Grade XI., as Grade X. must not be allowed to win the basketball cup, when they had won the track meet one in the fall. Lemons and water were in readiness in the different corners, and the galleries were filled with mistresses and girls. Ichneumon, Grade XI.'s mascot, was bravely adorning their corner, pulling for his side. The whistle blew and the teams were ready on the floor. Miss Cussans, of Daniel MacIntyre High School, was refereeing.

At the end of the first period the players returned dead tired to their corners, Grade XI. jubilant—they were winning! They had played fast and furious and were rewarded by the score 8-2. The second period Grade X. played much better, the forwards hardly missing a basket. The points Grade X. gained brought the score up to 14-12—the elevens still leading, however. Then the final period, the ball went first to one end, then to the other, and back again; very early in the period Grade X. made two baskets, one after the other. The hearts of Grade XI. sank, only to rise again as they made a basket, tying the score. Excitement reigned while first Grade X.'s forwards would get the ball—aim—and miss! Then Grade XI. would get the ball, but all to no avail. Time was getting short and everyone thought there would have to be overtime, when suddenly the ball was in the centre; Pat shot from just past the white line—and scored, winning the game (18-16) for Grade XI.

Cheers rang through the gym. Grade XI. had succeeded in winning the cup, which was presented by Miss Foster the next morning in prayers.

The Grade XI. team was composed of: Jump, Pat Blair; centres, Weneen MacDonald, Dorothy Creelman; forwards, Vere Mason, Kathleen Cork; defences, Jean Laing, Kathleen Young, and Roberta Lee.

The Grade X. line up was: Jump, Jane Ryan; centre, Peggy Reid; forwards, Dorothy Davidson, Verna Henning, Pat Henderson; defences, Shelagh Cooney, Grace Sellers, and Audrey Ross.

—Roberta Lee, Grade XI.

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FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

### RIVERBEND AND RUPERTS' LAND BASKETBALL MATCH

Since September we have looked forward to a basketball game with Rupert's Land. Finally a double game was played on Friday, May the fifteenth, involving the first and second teams of both schools.

The first teams were well matched, and the game was very tense. The first basket was scored by Dorothy Davidson for Riverbend and was followed soon afterwards by two free shots, also scored by Dot. The Rupert's Land guards worked splendidly and our forwards found it difficult to move without being well guarded. The first period ended with a score of 10-8 in favour of Riverbend.

In the second period two free shots were given to Riverbend but neither scored. The side centres of both teams greatly aided the forwards in obtaining the ball. The score at the end of the second period was 14-13 in Rupert's Land's favour.

In the third period the baskets made for Riverbend were quickly followed by ten for Rupert's Land. At the end of the third period the score was 24-21. The gym rang with cheers which the visitors well deserved.

The game played by the second team was just as exciting as that played by the first. Audrey Ross played jump against Mary Stevens of Rupert's Land and several baskets were scored by Audrey. The first period ended with a score of 8-6 in favor of Rupert's Land.

The second period resulted in a tie 14-14. Dorothy Creelman and Verna Henning worked well together, during this period and the last.

The third period was a succession of baskets made by Verna Henning; one basket was scored by Eldred Jenkins for Rupert's Land. The score was 29-16 at the end of the third period, to the advantage of Riverbend.

Miss Cussans very kindly refereed both games.

—Weneen MacDonald, Pat Henderson.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

### SENIOR TRACK MEET

The Senior Track Meet was held on Friday, October 3rd. A better day could not have been chosen, and we took full advantage of it.

The first event on the programme was the 50 yard dash, to be run in three heats. Connie Ramsay won the first heat for Grade VIII. The second heat was won for Grade XI. by Weneen MacDonald. The third heat was won by Verna Henning, Grade X. The final dash, which had to be held in order to ascertain the winner, was won by Weneen MacDonald, Grade XI.

The second event was the running broad jump, each person having three chances. The first heat was won by Audrey Ross, Grade X., who made a jump of 10 ft. 4 in. The second was won by Verna Henning, Grade



X., who jumped 11 ft. 3 in., but was closely followed by Weneen MacDonald, who made a jump of 11 ft. The running broad jump was won by Grade X.

The third event was the standing broad jump. The first heat was won by Weneen MacDonald, whose jump measured 6 ft. 3 in. The second heat was won by Muriel Beth Gourlay, Grade X., who jumped 6 ft. 5 in. The third heat was a tie between Weneen and Muriel Beth, who both jumped 6 ft. 6 in. A final jump was necessary to decide who would win. Muriel Beth Gourlay secured a jump of 6 ft. 9 in.; thus winning by one inch from Weneen MacDonald, who jumped 6 ft. 8 in.

The fourth event was the high jump. No one missed the first jump, which was 3 ft. 6 in. Inch by inch it was raised, until there were only four contestants left. Weneen MacDonald and Vere Mason from Grade XI., Muriel Beth Gourlay, Grade X., and Connie Ramsay, Grade VIII. Weneen was the first to drop out, just missing a jump of 3 ft. 10 in. Connie Ramsay missed a jump of 3 ft. 11 in. Muriel Beth Gourlay and Vere Mason now remained. Vere missed the jump of 4 ft.  $\frac{1}{2}$  in., which gave the victory to Muriel Beth Gourlay, Grade X.

The last event was the baseball throw. There were a great many contestants, but Shelagh Cooney, from Grade X., outdistanced them all. Jean Laing, Grade XI., was a close second. This last victory secured for Grade X., the much coveted cup given by Birks.

At the end of the Track Meet it was presented to the winners by Miss Foster.

—Pat Henderson, Grade X.

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## RIDING

It was 1.40 p.m. in the locker room. Girls were dashing here and there yelling, "Whose got my crop? Where's Peg's bère? Here comes Mr. Sumner and we're not nearly ready!"

Anyone inquiring would be told that these are the Riders of Riverbend. Every Wednesday during games period this same situation prevails.

When at last they reach Stradbroke Stables another scramble begins. The excited girls, all eager to get hold of their favorite "nags," are finally mounted, and away they ride, Mr. Summer in the lead and the rest following. The course takes them along one of the many bridle paths off Pembina, or perhaps on the Drive.

A competition was held last November which proved a great success. Numbers of girls gathered at Stradbroke Stables to take part in the event. Colonel Montague and Mr. Sumner judged the competition and Miss Foster awarded the ribbons; the first place went to Peggy Carlisle.

Altogether, we feel that a very successful riding year has come to a close.

—Dorothy Creelman, Grade XI.

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## SWIMMING

This year, we at Riverbend have turned our thoughts to swimming. Each Wednesday at two o'clock, we meet at the small gate in two's to go down with Miss Fairbairn to the "Y." There we enjoy a good swim for an hour or two. Miss Fairbairn, with one of the "Y" instructresses, teaches us the different types of swimming and diving, for part of our "period." Then we do as we like, such as diving and wrestling with many rather poor and amateur attempts at life-saving.

There are certain grades we must pass and these are distinguished by different coloured caps. The non-swimmers wear red caps and they huddle down at the shallow end of the pool, making very splashy attempts to hold themselves up. Then come the beginners with their green caps; they are braver and venture half way down the pool with their hearts set on obtaining a black cap, which is quite a good grade. Very few of us have been able to win the white cap and none have obtained the blue cap, which is highest of the high and a much envied honor. Next year we shall continue our swimming and we hope to have a goodly number in the blue cap class.

—Kathleen Corke, Grade XI.

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## HISTORICAL COMPETITION

We had a historical competition this winter to encourage research into general history. That is, there were to be points given in both Senior and Junior School to those who illustrated any historical epoch in history by the best model, the best doll representing some period, the best photographs of interesting places, important because of historical relations; the best poems, diary or sketch; the best drawing of costumes or original play, and the most interesting story relating to an event of history.

The entries were pleasing in that they were so varied in character, though few in number. Handwork seemed to be more popular than the literary and art sections. Next year we hope to see more aspiring playwrights and a play worthy of production. Grade VIII. are to be congratulated for their success due chiefly to the number of their entries, and Grade XI. for the quality of their work.

The models were well done and a great deal of attention had been given to details. Edwina Peacock reproduced splendidly, in plasticine, a model of Margot Castle. It was very real indeed and one could imagine the drawbridge down and the soldiers of the lord of the castle standing there, lances drawn against the marauders from a neighboring castle. Then Audrey Ross gave us a very accurate model of lower Fort Garry, which still stands intact, as in the days of Indian raids on the pioneers of the Red River, eighteen or nineteen miles north of Winnipeg. Muriel Beth Gourlay sculptured in plasticine an admirable bust of the monk Savonarola, who played such an important part in the history of the Church during the

Middle Ages. Elspeth Wilson's model of the Canadian buffalo which roamed the plains not so very long ago, was cleverly done. The Junior model by Sheila and Doreen McFayden, was an interesting example of a true Indian village or camp, with its blanketed squaws and wigwams of furs and tanned skins of the hunting season.

A delightful example of a French lady of the eighteenth century was rendered by Betty Crawford. Barbara Sellars, of the Junior School, entered a German peasant girl in picturesque dress.

Jane Nicholls wrote imaginary extracts from the diary of Guy Fawkes in an attractive style. The pages of this charming bit of work give evidence of clever study of authentic detail.

The results of the competition were as follows:

#### *Seniors*

Model—1st, E. Peacock; 2nd, A. Ross; 3rd, M. B. Gourlay and E. Wilson.

Doll—1st, B. Crawford; 2nd, J. Montgomery; 3rd, E. Brown.

Photographs—1st, B. McHattie; 2nd, E. Brown.

Poems—1st, Mary McKenzie; 2nd, E. Wilson; 3rd, M. Gourlay.

Play—2nd, B. Parton.

Extracts from Diary—1st, J. Nicholls; 2nd, I. Scott; 3rd, C. Ramsay.

Senior Costume Drawings—2nd, B. Crawford; 3rd, B. Eager.

#### *Juniors*

Model—1st, S. and D. McFayden; 2nd, M. Powell; 3rd, M. Haig.

Doll—1st, B. Sellars; 2nd, A. Richardson.

Junior Story—1st, D. McLean; 2nd, W. Davidson; 3rd, L. Klein.

Junior Sketch—1st, R. Wood; 2nd, L. Klein; 3rd, M. Kenny.

Senior Total—1. Grade VIII.—21 pts.; 2. Grade XI.—18 pts.; 3. Grade X.—9 pts.

Junior Total—1. Grade V. and VI.—28 pts.

—Kathleen Corke, Grade XI.

### GUY FAWKES

(Extracts from his diary during the months preceding the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot and his execution.)

March 3rd, 1604, Flanders. I have met a very interesting gentleman who is staying here. He is Thomas Winters of Warwickshire, England, and we have had several interesting talks together. He is a devout Catholic and is extremely indignant over the Catholic situation in England.

Easter, 1604. My new friend, Thomas Winter, and I went together to early mass this morning. Being naturally drawn toward the subject of religion by the Easter service, he told me of a plan which he and several others had made to better the state of the Catholics.

It appears that several weeks ago he and two other gentlemen, Robert Catesby and John Wright, met in a house in Lambeth to discuss the situation. Catesby wants to raise a Catholic insurrection while Winter and

Wright want to destroy the king and his parliament by some other more forceful means. They have reached no definite decision but have many possible plans. Winter asked me if I would care to join their forces, adding that if I did so, I would have to take an oath of secrecy. I am inclined to accept this invitation but I will think more of it.

March 10th. En route to London. I have decided to accompany Winter home and meet his friends and hear their plans.

March 13th. Tonight I took my oath of secrecy and loyalty to Catesby's band of Catholics. The ranks were also joined by Thos. Percy, who is Wright's brother-in-law and a cousin of the Earl of Northumberland. It is our earnest endeavour to try to better the existing state of the Roman Catholics in England.

March 15th. We have had two meetings and have resolved upon a rather desperate plan. Percy thinks that he can use his influence to rent a house which adjoins the House of Parliament. From the cellar of this house we could dig through underground into the cellar of the House, where we could store explosives, which could be lighted upon the day that the King opens his parliament. At the same time Catesby and others could be mustering Catholics to rise in rebellion as soon as the King is destroyed.

March 18th. Percy is trying to get that house for our headquarters. He went to see Mrs. Whinnaird today. She owns the house but rents it to a Mr. Henry Ferris of Warwickshire. However, he may be willing to vacate if he is sufficiently urged.

March 21st. The Earl of Northumberland and several of his men including Mr. Carleton and Mr. Epsley, went to see Mr. Ferris and Mrs. Whinnaird this morning. They recommended Percy very highly as a tenant and in the end Ferris, who is to be paid a small sum, agreed to vacate and Mrs. Whinnaird agreed to rent it to us for a year at £12.

Dec. 11th. Today we began to dig a mine from the cellar of our house to the basement of the House of Parliament. We work in shifts, one of us remaining on guard outside to warn us if anyone approaches nearby.

Dec. 13th. After two full days of hard labor we decided that an addition to our number would be quite welcome so Wright's brother John was initiated with due ceremony this evening.

Dec. 20th. This morning we struck the wall of the cellar to the House of Parliament. It is of solid cement and I am afraid that it will take us many weeks to dig through for Percy figures that it is about three yards thick.

Dec. 21st. This evening Winter's brother, Robert, took his oath of office. He is young and will be a great help to us. There are now seven of us in our group.

Dec. 24th. We carried all the earth from the mine out into the garden under cover of darkness and we separated until after the holidays.

Jan. 15th, 1605. We resumed our work this morning using pick-axes instead of shovels. We are all lame tonight from our unaccustomed labor and Percy is having a hard time keeping up our enthusiasm.

Jan. 18th. Still digging or rather chopping, I should say.



Jan. 25th. We have made a hole in the cellar wall about five feet high, a yard wide and a yard deep.

Feb. 2nd, Candlemas. Today we had the worst fright that we have had. We were all chopping persistently and Catesby was on guard. Suddenly we were startled by a crashing sound. At first we thought we had been discovered but soon realized that the sounds came from the cellar of the House of Parliament. Percy went to investigate and found that it was a man named Bright who had spilled his coals. Percy realized that this room was a wonderful storeroom which would suit our needs perfectly and so he immediately arranged with Bright to rent it for a year at £4. He brought this news back to us and needless to say we were all highly pleased for we are very stiff and sore, being gentlemen and not used to such hard labor as we have been at lately.

Feb. 5th. We had a meeting and decided to begin to store gunpowder in the cellar without delay.

Feb. 7th. We brought 5 barrels of powder and stored them in the house today.

Feb. 10th. Each day we store more powder in our house. We have now got 20 barrels there.

Feb. 15th. Under cover of darkness we moved 5 barrels of powder into the House of Parliament. We carefully placed coal and firewood over them to conceal it from any passerby.

March 10th. This evening we finished putting the powder in the cellar. We have taken only a barrel at a time in order to avoid all suspicion.

March 21st. Percy has placed me in charge of all our movements in London. I have the key to the cellar and am instructed to light the powder when the time arrives. Catesby is sending armour, etc., and is carefully mustering a few men in Warwickshire to be ready to fight after the explosion.

March 31st, Easter. Because of my position Percy and the others think that it is best for me to be outside of England and so I am going to leave for Flanders this evening. I have left the key with Percy and he will look after everything while I am gone. It will be pleasant to be away from it all for awhile.

Aug. 30th, 1605. Back to London again! Percy has had several more barrels placed in the cellar and now there are about 36. I got the key from him and went to inspect the work. The barrels are very cleverly concealed by coal and firewood and I doubt if anyone would suspect that powder is underneath.

Sept. 15th. Catesby and I have been in Warwickshire persuading landlords to help us raise an insurrection. We have talked to several including Lord Windsor of Hewell and Francis Tresham. They have agreed to store armour and powder in their houses and also to have men under their command ready to take up arms when the time comes. I am sure that our plans will succeed as far as Catesby is concerned, for he is very capable.

Oct. 1st. Percy and Catesby and I went to the Earl of Montgomery's wedding. He is a great friend of Percy and we were pleased to be there. His Majesty King James and several lords were present and it was rather a queer sensation to feel that through us in a very few months they would be no more.

Oct. 30th. I returned to Mrs. Whinniard's house today. All is in readiness and we have merely to wait until the King opens his Parliament on Nov. 5th.

Nov. 5th, 1605. Last night I went to inspect the cellar for the last time and I was suddenly confronted by Sir Thomas Knyvet and some men who searched the basement, found the powder and arrested me. I am now in prison under the name of Jhon Jhonson and things look pretty black except that my keeper, Waad who is employed to question me, is really in sympathy with the Catholics and is willing to help me give evidence which may save Catesby, who left today for Warwick, from being suspected and discovered.

It seems that I was found and arrested because of a mysterious letter sent from Francis Tresham to Lord Monteagle, warning him not to attend the opening of Parliament today. This was shown to Northumberland, who became suspicious and ordered the place searched, with the tragic result that I was found and arrested.

This afternoon I was examined by Chief Justice Popham and Attorney General Coke. They questioned me in regards to my actions abroad, the renting of the house and cellar, the storing of the gunpowder and also my relations to Percy, whose servant I claim to be. I cannot tell the names of the others because of the oath I took before the priest and so my only hope is to mislead them until Catesby can raise his rebels.

Nov. 6th. This morning I was examined by five King's Commissioners appointed for the purpose. They questioned me about a door in the storeroom, which Percy had had built while I was in Flanders and I told them it was built in March, 1605. There were several other small things which they asked and which I evaded answering as much as possible. My one fear is that they will torture me.

Nov. 6th. Evening. Waad is very good to me. He has been told to try and make me write out a confession but he is really anxious to have a continuation of my diary so that he will be able to help my friends if it is possible. They questioned me this afternoon mostly about myself and I confessed that my name is really Guy Fawkes for they threatened me with torture. It is almost amusing the way things have turned out. I am three people, the person I really am, the person I would have been if the plot had succeeded, and the person I am trying to make the court believe I am. Unfortunately Mrs. Bright and Mrs. Whinniard were questioned today and they gave correct information regarding the date of the renting of the cellar and house, thus proving my statements to be false. One thing is in our favor, however, the King and his men are thoroughly frightened by the fact that an unknown number of plotters are at large, raising an unknown number of Catholics into a rebellion against the King and the

Protestants. A warrant for the arrest of suspicious characters has been issued.

Nov. 7th. I admitted a great deal today but still kept the names of the others a secret. They have found that Thos. Winter is one by some means or other.

Nov. 8th. Waad gave me some information that may be useful in giving evidence, so I will write it down.

On Tuesday (Nov. 5th) Catesby and his men met at Dunchurch on pretext of a hunting match. They rode on horse during the night and arrived at Robert Winter's house in Huddington the following morning. Here they armed themselves fully. On Thursday morning they rode on to Lord Windsor's house at Hewell. This they entered by force and took his armour, powder, etc., by force. During the night they passed on to Holbeche, where they were overtaken about one o'clock by the king's men, who had headquarters at Stourbridge, about two miles away. Catesby was slain, Percy and the two Wright's were mortally wounded. The rest were taken prisoners at Stourbridge.

Now that Percy is gone I feel that there is no use to put up a fight any longer. I am afraid that this is the end for tomorrow I receive my sentence. Waad even cannot help, but he will take my notes and do what he can for the cause. However, our party is gone and whatever else is done must be done by other hands than ours.

—Jane Nicholls, Grand XI.

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### SLIDING

When our play-time bell rings we rush for our outdoor clothes and the toboggans. There is a flash of brightly-colored coats and school sweaters, as we hurry to the "big slide." It looks so exciting we can scarcely wait to start. It also looks rather steep but then we don't mind that. We pile on the toboggan, somebody starts us, and off we go. Down, down the hill and across the ice, to the far banks of the river. There we roll off laughing, to pull the toboggan up to the top and begin again.

—Katherine Hall, Grade VII.

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### BOARDERS' NOTES

This year we were very glad to welcome ten new boarders; they adjusted themselves to their new regime with a zest, thus becoming members of our family.

Since we enjoy life to the full two interesting outlets are given to our exuberant spirits—the privilege of Saturday afternoons and the activities of Friday nights. Of the former little need be said, since all go various ways, but of the latter it must be known that these nights interest us particularly. First—there is no study (sad to relate we do not elude it, since Saturday morning seems so well adapted for that form of energy).

Secondly, our entertainments are seldom repeated—except, of course, in the attendance of plays and concerts.

September 12th we decided all to become “well acquainted,” as the school had only been open for two days. We played a form of hide and seek called sardine, ending the evening telling ghost stories around the fire (the old boarders providing the thrills) and eating water-melon.

It was discovered the following Friday night that a number had not played miniature golf. Under the guidance of Miss Fairbairn we set out for the nearest course. The evening was such a success that now we have a clock golf set in our grounds.

One Friday night we decided to be modern. “House 69” invited “House 71” to a play in full evening dress—i.e., pyjamas. Since the embarrassed lines of the actresses were far funnier than what they had originally learned, the play was a success. A fire, popcorn and marshmallows finished the evening with that satisfied feeling.

After the reception on October the seventeenth we saw “So This is London.”

“71” seemed to believe that a good basketball team was hidden in its midst; “69” promptly “threw down the gauntlet.” The result of a good game confirmed “71’s” opinion.

After the excitement of Hallowe’en and Thanksgiving, initiation was suggested as a Friday night’s amusement. Forthwith each boarder invited a new day girl for dinner to compensate for the aftermath. At the “Home Sweet Home” no one was harmed, though the voices of some during the evening seemed to be issuing from the dead.

The two following Fridays, to our greatest delight, we saw “Marigold” and “Berkeley Square.” After Christmas, a clear blue night, a long slide across the river provided us with heaps of fun within our own grounds. Dancing, coffee and cake later banished all traces of cold and hunger.

Several weeks later we spent a thrilling hour on the River Park toboggan. (We would suggest that Shetland ponies be provided to pull up the toboggans).

The play “The Younger Generation” gave the next Friday a feeling of hilarity, which was emulated the following Friday by “Old English.”

We all enjoyed Miss Alice Weir’s recital, January the thirtieth, especially those parts which were filled by Riverbend girls.

Dr. Perry very kindly came to tell us about people and customs of Palestine in the present day. It was most interesting to learn facts undreamed of concerning that ancient land.

“Princess Ida,” performed by the University Glee Club, the next Friday, was a radiation of color and brilliance.

Curiosity was aroused as to how the badminton players fared who missed the walk for this other purpose; therefore a badminton tournament took place on March the thirteenth. Kathleen Corke won a hard fought victory over Josephine Rose.

Before the holidays Ruperts’ Land Gym display thrilled us. After Easter we were taken to the Legislative Buildings to watch the House in Committee.



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We went to the Musical Festival and the following Friday were entertained most royally by Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell. After the game on Friday, the fifteenth of May, three boarders of Ruperts' Land stayed to join us in a treasure hunt.

So have our Friday nights been always interesting, always happy.

—Weneen MacDonald, Grade XII.

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### THE TOY ORCHESTRA

On the invitation of the Department of Education, Grades V. and VI. gave a public demonstration to prove the possibilities of a home-made orchestra.

The programme, including "Gironette," by Finck; "Rendez-vous," by Kamjak, and "Le Secrét," by Gauthier, was given on Thursday evening, April 9th, in conjunction with the programme given by all the school orchestras of Manitoba under the direction of Mr. Padwick. Mrs. Dempsey conducted the first selection, Vera James the second, and Josie McLean the third.



THE TOY ORCHESTRA

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### THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL

We are proud of Mary Betty Lowe for winning first place in the Preparatory Pianoforte Solo class. She was asked to play again at the final concert on May 2nd.

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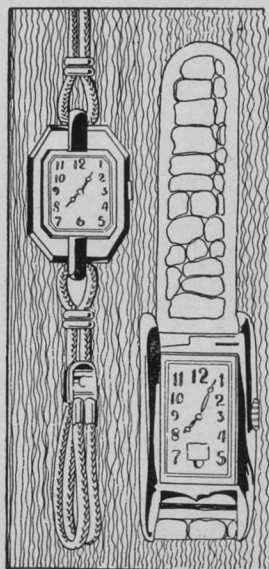
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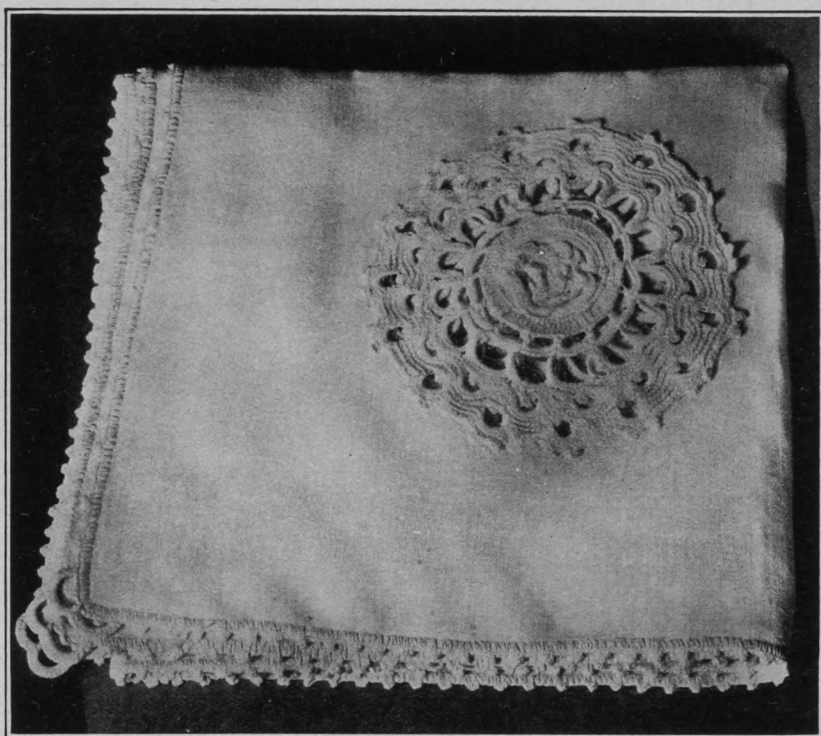
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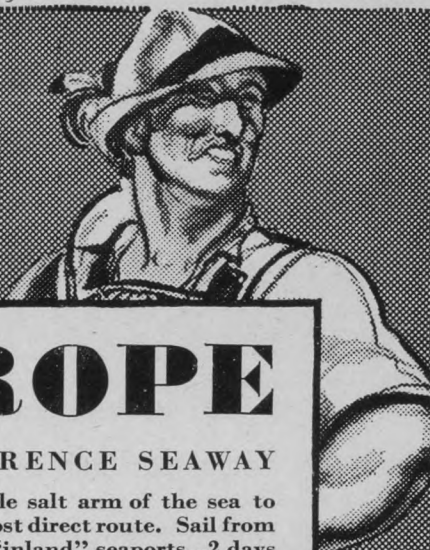
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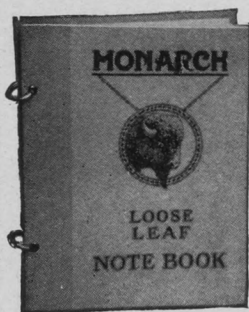
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